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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE ®

New Times

Diana Nyad's Magnificent Obsession

by Helen Dudar

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NewTimes

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 13

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Next month, Diana Nyad will dive into the clear blue waters off the shore of Cuba and begin her 130-mile swim to Florida. A cage will protect her from sharks, but not from unshakeable hallucinations, physical exhaustion, or various other traumas that might result from spending 65 hours in the ocean. And if she emerges triumphant, she says, she just may never swim again.
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Cover photograph by John Marmaras/Woodfin Camp.

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Our lowest EPA mileage estimate was received by the Civic 1200 with 2-speed manually-selected Hondamatic transmission: 30 mpg highway, 23 mpg city. All estimates are lower for California and high altitude areas. Also, the Civic 1200 is not available in California or in high altitude areas.

Although we're happy to tell you about our 1978 EPA mileage figures, we want to be realistic about them. So please keep in mind that EPA estimates are the result of laboratory tests and are offered only as a means of comparison.

Therefore, your mileage will vary depending on such things as where you drive, how you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment.

Still and all, a Honda makes the neighborhood service station a nice place to visit. You get your choice of gas pumps when you drive in. And very good mileage after you drive out.

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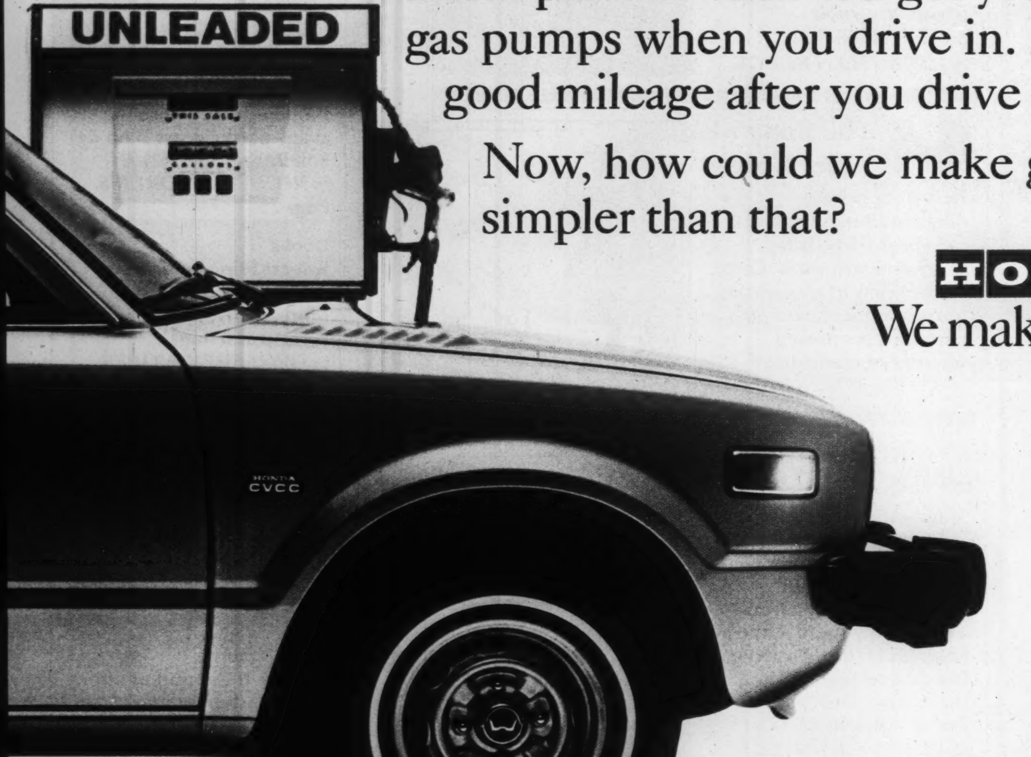

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RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact.
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

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LETTERS

No Tears for Kojak

"The *Mary Tyler Moores* and *Carol Burnetts* die with dignity, but the death of *Kojak*, which ran its last new show several weeks ago, was an ignominious affair," according to Richard Turner (Final Tribute, May 29). "A slight dip in the all-important 'numbers'" preceded the *Kojak* demise, Turner said, "then a new crummy time slot from CBS followed by less promotional energy from the network." Turner completely ignores the more than "slight dip" in the quality of *Kojak* scripts this past season. Surely this was a key factor, if not the key factor. But you would have had to watch *Kojak* this past season to know that. Apparently Richard Turner did not.

Herbert L. Zane
New York, New York

Nixon's Friendly Pat

In the May 15 issue of *New Times* Josh Martin writes, among other things, about "autographed Nixon books being so rare as to be non-existent." This came as a most pleasant surprise to us, for we have a first edition of *Six Crises* signed by him personally!

Mrs. Dillon stood in line in the J.W. Robinson store in Los Angeles on the one day in 1962 when he was there for that purpose, receiving not only his personal autograph but also a friendly pat on the hand for a pleasant remark, which meant much more to her than the signature.

Now things are different. In our 80th year we feel that we must forego sentiment and, hopefully, make as advantageous a sale as possible to some collector. But how?

Wilbur Dillon
Susan M. Dillon
Vista, California

P.S. Nixon signed the book as follows: Best to Susan M. Dillon from Dick Nixon.

Pogo Stickler

I think you should tell contributor Ira Rosen to brush up on his *Pogo* (The Insider, June 12). The hyena and bulldog that "late beloved" Walt Kelley intended as representations of, respectively, Spiro Agnew and J. Edgar Hoover were *not* Wily Catt and Seminole Sam. As any Pogophile knows, Wily (or Wile E., a wildcat) and Sam (sometimes "Honest Sam," a flim-flamming fox) were part of the Okefenokee repertory from the early fifties on, and were never intended to represent anyone in particular.

Mr. Rosen's more serious points are well-taken; but how he conducts his research is, as Albert would *really* say, *incomprehensibobble* . . .

William J. Garry
New York, New York

O, Solar Mio

I appreciated Wade Greene's article "Solar Refractions" (May 29).

The article successfully raises a socio-political perspective that is typically lacking in recent solar reviews. However, the economic analysis almost skips over the more probable widespread application of domestic and commercial low-technology solar systems.

Solar energy is, realistically, promoted as the biggest jobs program of the decade. Witness SolarCal, recently acknowledged—though not in its entirety—by Governor Brown.

We must address the issue of a surging industry—one which promises the jobs of the future, yet which currently has precious few women designing, engineering, manufacturing, selling or installing solar systems.

We must address the issue of creating product and installation standards.

We must address the issue of government subsidies for solar energy through low-interest loans for small businesses and financing of systems for low-income and senior-citizen housing projects.

Finally, we must address the issue of existing and proposed nuclear power plants, LNG terminals and similar energy plans which threaten our lives and the lives of future generations.

Shari Randall
San Diego, California

Disputing Baer Facts

In his story "Tom Ogle's Driving Dream" (May 29), Joshua Baer implies that I have backed down from my claim that the Oglemobile is a fraud. Nothing could be further from the truth. I gave Mr. Baer a complete proof, based on the laws of thermodynamics, that the upper limit of performance for the Oglemobile is about 25 miles per gallon. I stand by that proof.

Robert A. Levy
El Paso, Texas

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As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. And unlike *any* other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels. And the size of the price.

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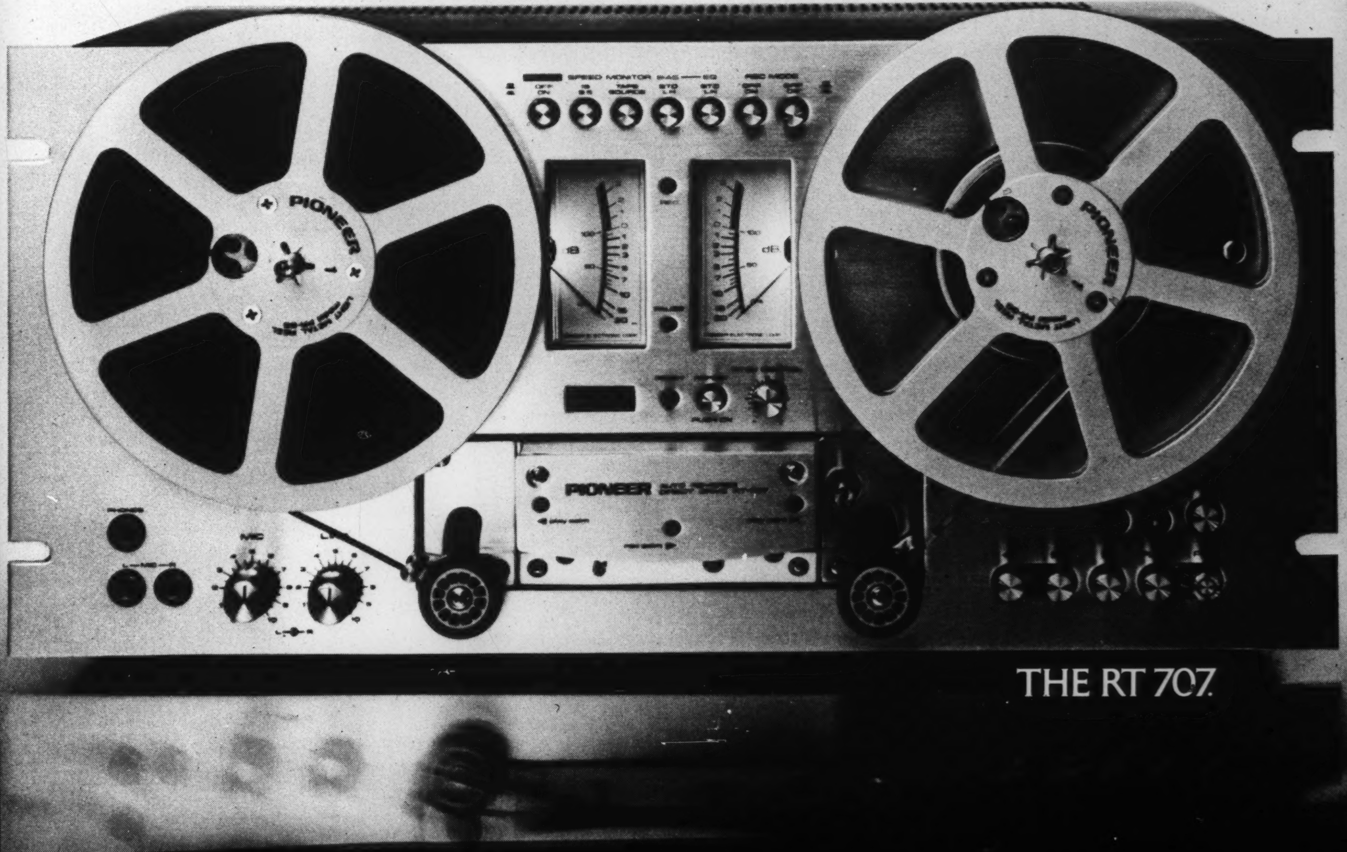


Crime/by Jay Stuller

HUNTING THE WILD CARGO

The customs men may have received a tip, or perhaps the man in the car trying to cross into the United States from Mexico looked nervous enough to arouse their suspicions. They waved him over and started rummaging through the auto. He squirmed as they tugged on a loose panel of the door on the driver's side. Another drug smuggler facing an extended vacation in the slammer?

When the customs men pulled the padding off the door, it was not narcotics that they found. Twenty birds tumbled out, their beaks taped shut and their wings bound with cloth, and flopped helplessly to the ground.

Illegal traffic in exotic birds, reptiles and other animals has increased tenfold in recent years. U.S. officials estimate that the animal trade is a billion dollar industry, of which perhaps ten percent is illegal. Bringing in animals surreptitiously eliminates the payment of taxes and skirts a 30-day quarantine designed to prevent the spread of virulent disease. It also evades laws that protect species whose numbers have dwindled to near-extinction, largely as a result of this sordid trade. Penalties for animal smuggling—usually a citation and a small fine—are a fraction of those paid by drug runners, but profits are nearly as high. (The rare scarlet macaw, wholesaled in South America for a few hundred dollars, retails in the U.S. for several thousand.)

Despite the passage of the Endangered Species Act of 1973, and the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora, the illicit trade flourishes.

It is the job of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Law Enforcement Division, working with Customs and other federal agencies, to stop this traffic. With 184 special agents—they used to be strictly "duck cops," a moniker they still affectionately embrace—and 35 inspectors, the division is woefully undermanned. The inspector program, started two-and-a-half years ago in New York, now covers all major ports of entry. Since opening operations in San Francisco in May of last year, roughly $1 million worth of animals and animal artifacts have been seized.

Phil Mendelowitz, an inspector who recently left the division because of internal disputes, explained its operations: "The special agents, or duck cops, generally watch out for hunting violations. They sometimes go on undercover assignments, say to join a hunting party where some guide has promised an unlimited duck kill, and nail them for poaching. Inspectors cover the ports, checking shipments for endangered species. They can't make arrests, but they can seize goods and give citations.

"Many times we'll find narcotics traffic involved, too. More than once someone has shipped heroin at the bottom of a tank of pythons, or even inside the snakes."

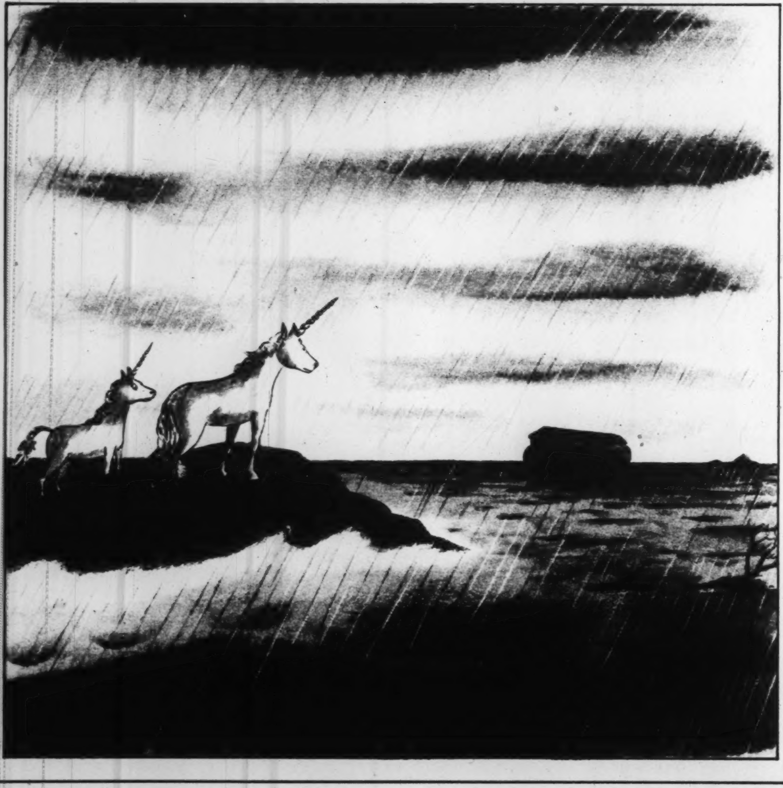
"No method of smuggling reptiles is new," said one smuggler. "Look at almost any way to bring dope into the country and you'll find animal smugglers using it. You'd be surprised how many reptiles are shipped through the postal system. Customs can't check everything."

The Fish and Wildlife office on the San Francisco peninsula looks like a veritable curio shop of animal goods. Turtle shells hang on the walls alongside ten-foot snakeskins, stuffed birds and dried crocodiles. In a freezer is an ice block of piranhas; in a foul-smelling tank, a pack of dying horned toads. A writhing mass of pythons awaits its fate in another tank. Cardboard boxes filled with ornate, scrimshawed ivory sit on the floor.

"We try to give some of the animals and goods to zoos or museums," said Mendelowitz. "We can't sell the stuff, since that's against the law. We can't destroy it, so it's mostly warehoused. It's a real waste of animals' lives."

Mendelowitz explained that most of the material is seized from tourists who don't know better. "Right now the American consumer is the biggest dollar spender on endangered species. If more of them would get on the environmental bandwagon, there'd be no reason for the people on the other end to kill or catch the animals."

Serious collectors, however, are another matter. "The reptile smugglers are a crazy bunch," said Mendelowitz. "They hate to see another collector get something they don't have, so they squeal on each other,



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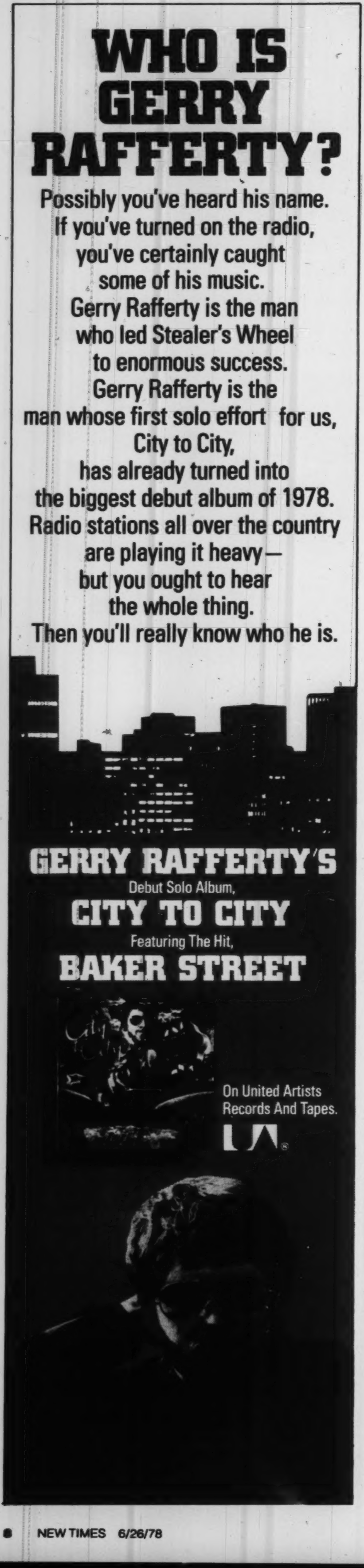
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which makes things easier on us. They're a lot like their reptiles, cold blooded."

Big profits come from birds: exotic cockatoos, brilliantly colored macaws, parrots and a host of other species. "You want to know what's caused the big upswing in the demand for these birds?" sighed Mendelowitz. "It's Baretta's bird. Everyone wants a bird like Baretta's. That show is responsible for the demise of uncountable birds."

Although Australia has a total ban on the import and export of reptiles and birds, most birds come from that continent. They will usually be routed through Singapore, according to Mendelowitz, a city where a person can get any animal item in the world, from fer-de-lance to penguins.

"The biggest worry from birds is Newcastle's disease," he said. "There is a lot of concern that the wild strain of Newcastle's is going to get into California and wipe out the poultry industry, so quite a few birds are snuffed at the border." Smugglers are often a last resort to customers. "Buyers would rather pay a little more for a legitimate bird," said Dennis Colombo, owner of the Sonoma Birdland Quarantine near San Francisco International Airport. "They may save 50 percent on a smuggled bird, but they run a risk of disease wiping out an expensive collection. Only fools try to save money like that."

Many collectors are more than braggarts who want to show off an unusual species to their friends. "You'd never convince environmentalists of this, but a lot of amateur herpetologists are doing important studies in the breeding and habits of species," said one smuggler, a 28-year-old high school science teacher. "I've kept 150 different species of snakes in the last few years, working on propagations and medication techniques. We're not all cruel masters of Dr. Frankensteins." (Occasionally, though, the research seems rather dubious: how science benefits from an experiment to determine at what temperature a lizard dies, using an oven and a thermometer, is not readily apparent.)

For every snake, bird, monkey or lizard that makes it into the United States, perhaps 100 die. Jean-Yves Domalain, a Frenchman, authored *The Animal Connection: The Confessions of An Ex-Wild Animal Trafficker*, an account of the war on the animal kingdom.

Domalain worked in Southeast Asia, and he tells of locals who would shoot female gibbons out of trees in hopes that a baby would survive not only the buckshot but the 150-foot fall. Three or four mother and child combinations are often killed before an injured, but barely alive, baby is collected. Undergrowth is burned to flush out wildlife, and thousands are roasted to catch a few.

After their capture, gibbons and other species of primates are packed tight into lightless boxes. Fed little for weeks at a time, they may be tossed something they would never eat under ordinary conditions, and only those crammed near the food get a bite. They fight furiously in these quarters until, numbed by fear, hunger, cold and exhaustion, they become docile—or die.

Shipping conditions are no better for birds, snakes or cats; mortal enemies are often thrown together. The airplane trip kills even more, and only the hardiest survive—perhaps to die at the home of the final buyer, who may have no idea how to care for his pet.

Domalain, who accepts responsibility for the deaths of thousands of animals, claims that hunting and poaching are to blame for the disappearance of two animal species every year, and he points out that killing even a few animals can destroy their social structure.

"A band of highly social apes, such as baboons, living in tribes of about ten members each, is doomed if numbers fall below eight," Domalain writes. "The reason is easy to understand. Who is to do the protecting? Who will keep watch? Who is to look after the babies? The birth rate will not be enough to make up for natural losses due to predators and disease. The inevitable consequence is extinction."

The naturalist Griewe described the tragic and historic scene that took place on June 3, 1844, on the little island of Eldey, off the coast of Iceland: the capture of the last two surviving specimens of the great auk (*Plautus impennis*). "During the climb the men noticed two great auks amongst the countless numbers of seabirds. They gave chase. The great auks made not the slightest attempt to turn upon their pursuers, but, running with their necks outstretched and their short wings spread, took refuge on some rock ledges. They uttered no cry and ran on their short legs as fast as a man. John Branson cornered one against a rock and captured it with his bare hands. Siguror Islefsson and Kehl pursued the second, and Kehl succeeded in taking it on the edge of the precipice." The great auk disappeared forever from the face of the earth.

The animal supply is limited, but the demand increases yearly. "Since the penalties are only a slap, and the profits are high," said Phil Mendelowitz, "I don't see it slowing down. As long as people want birds like Baretta's and rare snakes and reptiles, the traffic will keep coming in." ●

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NEW TIMES exposed the dubious wit and wisdom of Earl Butz, costing the Secretary of Agriculture his job and possibly Jerry Ford the '76 election.

NEW TIMES alone bothered to interview SLA leaders William and Emily Harris in their jail cells during the Patty Hearst trial, coming up with testimony that blew Patty's defense to bits and led to her conviction.

NEW TIMES went to Washington and discovered a Capitol Hill lifestyle better suited to the ancient Roman Senate than the U.S. Congress. From lavishly appointed offices to dollar haircuts to outrageous freebies, the Imperial Congress is living it up, courtesy of your hard-earned tax dollars.

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

A Curse On Precursors. In his story "Angel Death" (*NT*, 3/20/78), Peter Koper explained the bizarre and dangerous effects of the drug PCP, commonly known as Angel Dust (or Dust Joint, Killer Weed, Parsley, Goon, Flakes, Rocket Fuel, etc.). One difficulty in limiting the spread of Angel Dust, Koper wrote, was the ease with which it could be synthesized from "precursors"—chemicals mixed to form another substance. And Koper reported that the two precursors needed to make PCP—phenylcyclohexylamine and piperidinocyclohexanecarbonitrile—were legal and readily available.

Now the feds are hoping to change all that. The Drug Enforcement Administration has placed PCP's two precursors on its controlled substances list, an action which becomes final June 17, providing no interested parties (read: drug companies) file objections. By placing the precursors on its list, the DEA can seize them as illegal. Or, where possession is legal (drug companies make PCP for use in veterinary medicine), the DEA can now maintain much better records of inventory, making the substances harder to come by. This is the first time the DEA has put precursors on its list, which had previously been reserved for dangerous drugs themselves.

Cosmic Teammates. If it's your habit to scrutinize *New Times* the way Kremlinologists study *Pravda*, perhaps you've noticed a pattern to our recent baseball coverage. This season and last, we've run profiles of defiantly unconventional pitchers—Bill Lee of the Boston Red Sox last year (*NT*, 9/30/77) and Jim Bouton of the Savannah Braves earlier this month.

Lee and Bouton have a lot in common. They prefer health food to ballpark fare, are fascinated by Eastern philosophies, mock those in baseball's stodgy mainstream—and as a result, set themselves up for savage press criticism, especially when they lose. When last we reported on them, Lee and Bouton were winning, but hold the phone! Both got bombed in recent outings, Lee losing consecutive decisions to Toronto (six earned runs in the first inning!) and Oakland, and Bouton getting knocked out of the box in the second inning by the Jacksonville Suns. Lee's record, though, stands at a still-impressive 7-3, and Bouton, reports our correspondent in Savannah, remains "philosophical." ●

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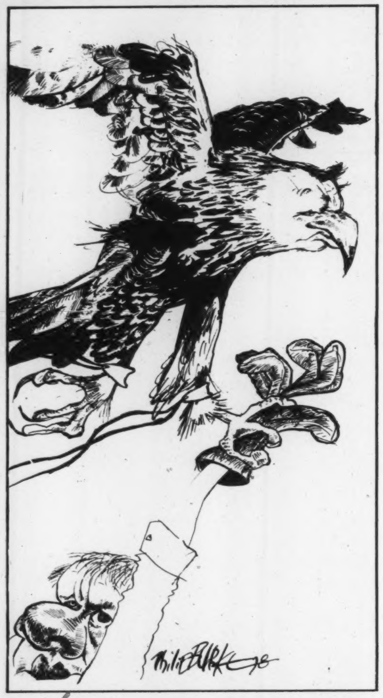
Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

CARTER ON ZAIRE: NO MORE MR. NICE GUY

In the spring of 1977, when Katangan rebels invaded Zaire, the Carter Administration made so small a fuss about the raid that few Americans were even aware of it. "We could have made nearly as good—or bad—a case against the Cubans for being involved then as we can now," says a State Department source, but last year the Carter foreign policy was premised on negotiating a SALT treaty. While the President lambasted the Soviets for human rights violations, he was chary of reigniting the Cold War. Since the imperative at that time was to nurture detente, the Carter Administration maintained that no Cubans participated in the secessionists' invasion from Angola.

But suddenly this spring, ever since a force of nearly 2,000 French and Belgian paratroopers, assisted by 18 U.S. jet transports, routed the latest rebel invasion of Zaire's Shaba region (formerly Katanga province), the Administration has been castigating the Soviet Union, in Carter's words, for its continued "interference in the internal affairs of African nations," and making every effort to implicate Cuban troops in the raid. Carter's harder line has been dictated by a new political expediency. A SALT agreement can't pass the Senate this year, and the President's approval rating has plummeted. In this mid-term election year, Carter has seized on the Zaire crisis just as previous presidents have looked abroad to bolster their sagging standing at home. Yet, in harping on the Cubans' role in the May 13 invasion of Zaire, Carter is both standing on shaky ground and in jeopardy of killing any SALT treaty's chances for Senate ratification.

The Cubans have persistently denied any complicity in that assault. Ramon Sanchez-Parodi, the chief of the Cuban Interest Section in Washington, sought out George McGovern, who helped shape the brief Cuban-American mini-detente, and insisted that Cuban troops were involved only in those African countries where a generally recognized government had requested their help; they had not, and would not, involve themselves with guerrilla forces crossing national borders. McGovern promptly reported Parodi's reassurances to the Administration. Cuban President Fidel Castro called in Lyle Lane, Parodi's American counterpart in Havana, and reiterated the message.



When State Department spokesman Thomas Reston branded Castro a liar at the insistence of an angry Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's National Security Adviser, the Cubans tried again, this time at the United Nations. Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodriguez contacted McGovern, who is serving as a congressional delegate to the Special Session on Disarmament. Cuba, Rodriguez explained, had not had anything to do with the Katangan rebels since 1976, when they had fought on the same side in the Angolan civil war. Once again the South Dakota senator briefed the White House.

This time, in a prepared statement at the beginning of his May 26 press conference, Carter himself blasted Cuba for backing the Katangans. But even while sounding a general alarm, Carter was subtly precise in his charges. He said he only believed the Cubans had been aware of the Kantangan plan, but knew that they "played a key role in training and equipping" the rebels. That knowledge, though, leaves ample room for ignorance on the central question: When did the Cubans play their role? If it was during the Angolan civil war over two years ago, as Cuban Vice President Rodriguez says, the current crisis becomes a tempest in a time capsule. The President also blamed the Cubans for not restraining the Kantangans, which, one official objects, is "like blaming the U.S. for having troops in Turkey and not forcibly preventing the Turkish invasion of Cyprus."

Carter hedged his attack, a State Department source confides, because the Administration lacked convincing evidence of Cuban involvement. Following the President's press conference, Administration members scrambled to assemble a credible case against Cuba. An official familiar with the resulting "proof" characterizes it as "soft, and in some cases, laughable." For instance, the CIA supposedly has a letter written by a Kantangan rebel leader to a friend in Zambia expressing gratitude for Cuban help. The letter doesn't specify the character or timing of the help; it could be referring to Cuban assistance during the Angolan civil war. Sources briefed on the letter also report that the identity and importance of the Kantangan leader and the reliability of his Zambian friend are all unclear. Says a disgruntled official of this "proof": "It's typically feeble."

To build its case against Cuba, the Administration selectively leaked its "best evidence" to hard-line columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. They reported that several days before the invasion the U.S. had intercepted coded messages revealing Cuban foreknowledge and participation in the raid. A congressional adviser regards this revelation as inherently incredible. If Washington knew in advance, he asks, why wasn't Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko warned? Why did the U.S. wait for nearly 100 Europeans and an estimated 1,000 Africans to be slaughtered in Shaba? Furthermore, in a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on May 12, the day before the invasion, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance discussed the Cuban presence in Africa, but gave no hint of any impending threat to Zaire.

In the end, it may turn out that Fidel Castro wasn't lying—and that Jimmy Carter was technically truthful. As CIA Director Stansfield Turner told reporters after he testified on that question before the House Intelligence Committee on June 5, "This government made no . . . statement that Cubans were in Zaire or they were not. The evidence is not that clear one

Illustration by Philip Burke

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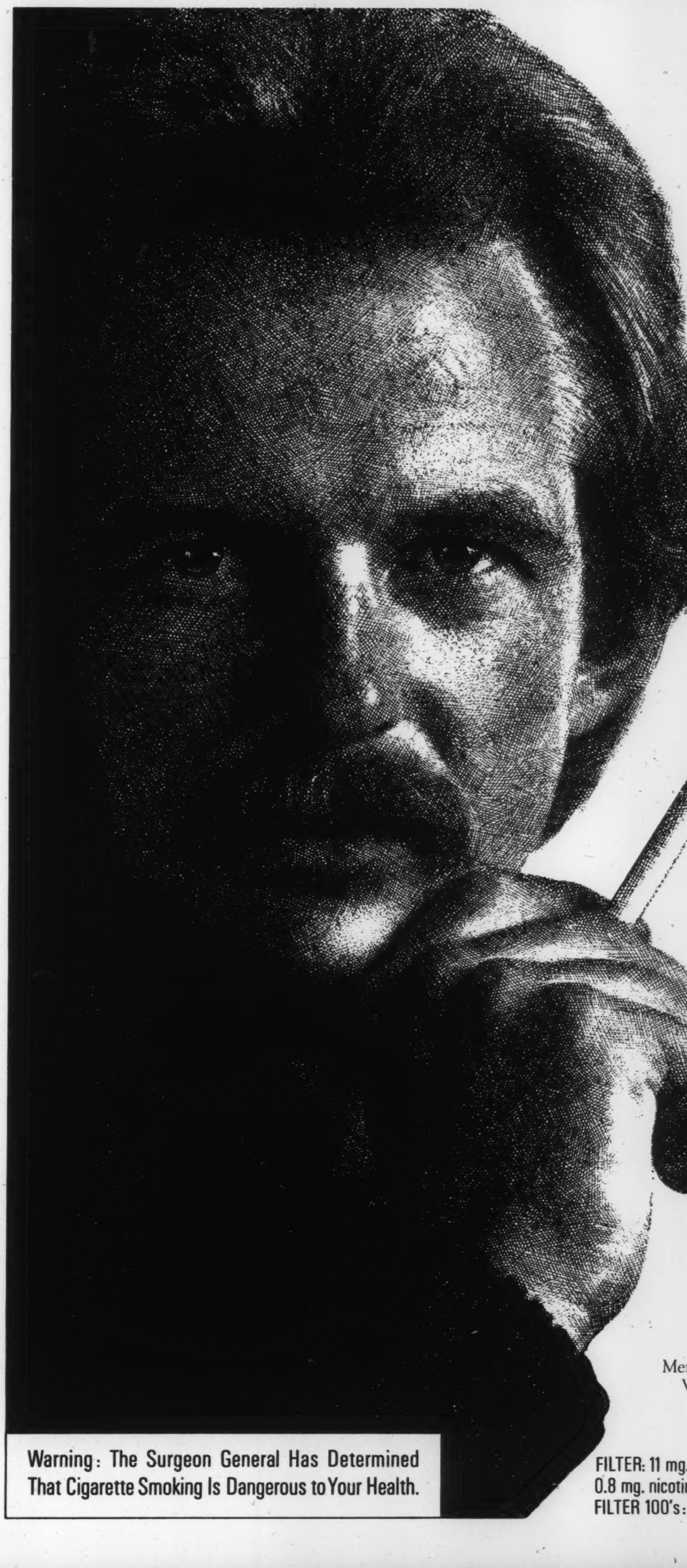

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way or the other." And admits one critic within the Administration, "There's always a possibility that the Cubans were involved to some extent." But even allowing that, he argues, begs the essential issue: What American interest is at stake? Surely not an unqualified commitment to the sanctity of international borders, for Zaire has been supplying the UNITA rebellion against the Marxist Angolan government with U.S. encouragement. Nor are self-proclaimed Marxist governments in Africa necessarily inimical to the United States. The Marxist rulers of Angola and Mozambique have made repeated overtures to the U.S.; they seek improved relations, technological assistance and private foreign investment.

What's more, ideological allegiances in Africa have generally been blurred and fleeting. A few years ago, the Katangan rebels, who are now perceived as communism's Trojan Horse, were fighting for the Portuguese colonialists in Angola. Russian influence has waved, then waned in Egypt, Algeria, Nigeria, Somalia and the Sudan. While Russia supports the Katangans, China has joined the United States in supporting Zaire. And as for a pragmatic estimation of the Russians' intentions in Africa, a State Department expert contends that "if the Soviets want to get involved all over the continent, it will tie them down for decades. But they won't get much, and they won't keep much of what they get. It will be their Vietnam."

In the words of one congressional official, the Administration "is coming apart at the seams over this issue." Both Vance and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young have doubts about the degree of Cuban culpability in Zaire. When Vance was asked for the proof at a May 26 Senate hearing, he responded with what McGovern calls "the verbal equivalent of a buckslip." He didn't have the evidence, he explained; the CIA had it. It was a polite, politic way of advising senators that they had better look at it for themselves. Young privately urged one dissenting official to "keep the pressure on"; then the White House pressured Young into publicly endorsing evidence against the Cubans that one of his associates described as "well, arguably ambiguous."

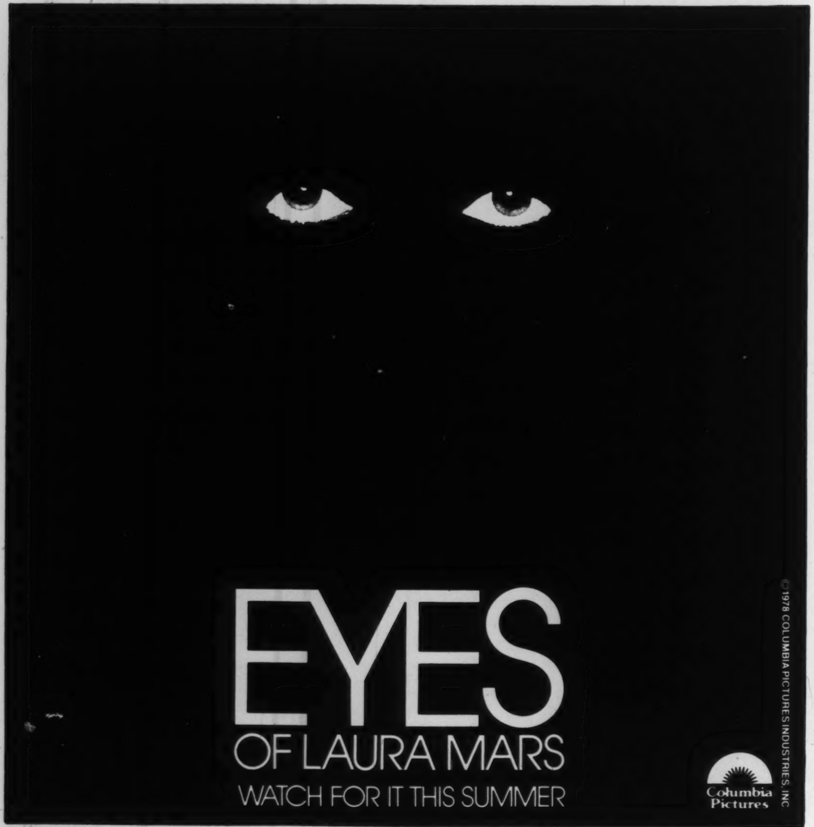
It's hard to find State Department officials who support the tougher Carter policy. Off the record, their views range from skepticism to outright apostasy. The problem, in one official's estimate, is that "Vance isn't fighting effectively because he doesn't know how. Brzezinski has won it all." By virtually every account, Brzezinski is the principal architect, among Carter's major advisers, of the new hard line. He not only wants to replicate Henry Kissinger's dominance of foreign policy, says a senior Democratic adviser to several presidents, "but in conviction he's as much a hawk as he is in appearance."

Brzezinski has prevailed over Vance, an unhappy White House assistant says, because his cold warrior stance suits the President's political situation better than the Secretary of State's caution: "An international crisis is a time-honored way to raise a president's approval rating." While Carter can't conceivably send the Marines into Zaire, the White House *has* ordered the State Department to prepare to close the Cuban liaison office in Washington and the American liaison office in Havana. This wouldn't force the Cubans out of Africa, but it would hearten the growing number of American voters who, especially since the Panama debate, are sick of letting other countries push the U.S. around.

Carter is betting that his tough stance on Zaire will eventually land him his long-sought SALT agreement as well. But in trying to appease Senate hawks so that some of them can eventually support a new arms treaty, Carter is in danger of building the latest anti-communist fever to such a pitch that swing senators will naysay virtually any pact with the Soviets.

A critic of Carter's saber-rattling over Zaire allows that "an all-African peace force might be a good idea. It's not unreasonable." But, he adds, "It's reckless to build the situation into a major crisis." There is an increasing sense of apprehension in Washington about this spring's chilly war, but Administration officials can't speak openly, and worried senators and representatives are afraid to. It's too hard to counter a Red Scare—and too easy to be labelled "soft on Communism." A moderate senator recently remarked that George McGovern was "way out there on a limb on African policy." But then he recalled that he'd had the same reaction to McGovern's 1963 opposition to the U.S. intervention in Vietnam.

Zaire used to be known as "The Congo." In 1914, the year of the first Great War, Vachel Lindsay published a poem by that title; and the Carter Administration's panicked response to the Cuban and Soviet presence in Africa now echoes Lindsay's lines: "Barrelhouse kings with feet unstable/ sagged and ruled and pounded on the table/Hard as they were able." We have to hope that whatever else it brings, the overreaction won't remotely result in Lindsay's next line: "Boomlay, Boomlay, Boomlay, Boom." ●



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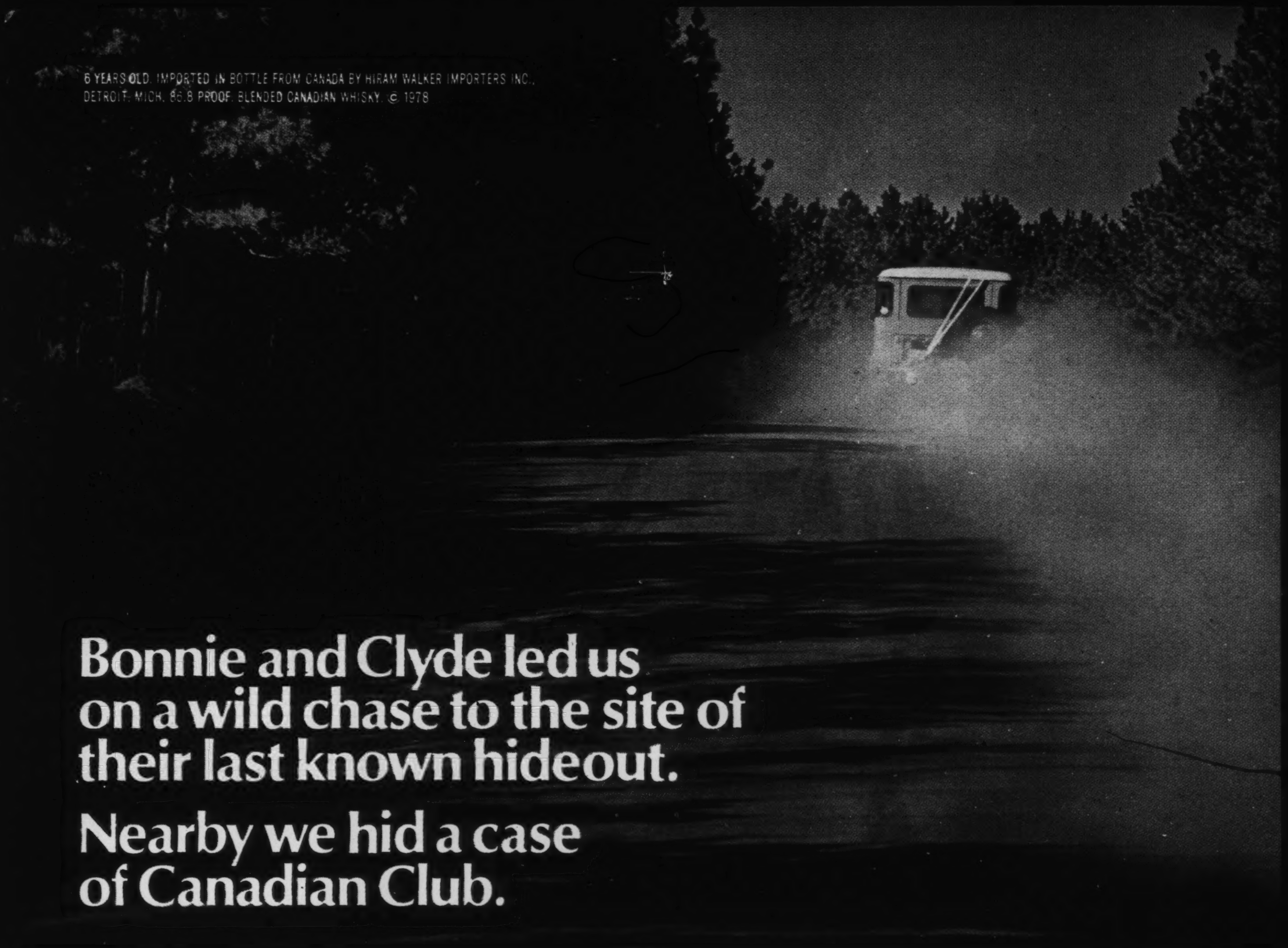

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Bonnie and Clyde.

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To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

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Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

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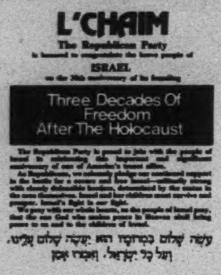
GEORGE T. KRUSE

The Attorney General's interested: Griffin Bell, upon being informed of the *Stanford Daily* case (that resulted in the Supreme Court ruling giving police the right to raid newspaper offices without prior notice): "Is that so? . . . I didn't know about that . . . What is it? . . . I don't know about it. I will find out about that, though; I would be interested in that case."

The Insider

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

Going ecumenical: GOP national chairman, Bill Brock, who believes that his party has a shot at capturing as much as two thirds of the Jewish vote in the 1980 presidential election. The trick, he feels, is to run a candidate with a consistently pro-Israel position. It was therefore disheartening when White House hopeful Howard Baker ignored Brock's urging and led the way for a majority of Senate Republicans who voted for plane sales to Egypt and Saudi Arabia. "We can't seem to count our chickens even when the eggs are hatching," says one GOP National Committee official.


L'CHAIM

The Republican Party

ISRAEL

Three Decades Of Freedom After The Holocaust

עשה שלום במרומיו הוא יעשה שלום עלינו,
ועל כל ישראל. ואמרו אמן

Cousin Cheap's Menu: Walter Mondale, Vice President of the United States, learned that he was being billed for his chef's salad each time he lunched with the President. Turns out presidential assistant Hugh Carter ("Cousin Cheap," as he's known around the White House for such excessive frugalities as canceling newspaper subscriptions) didn't see why Jimmy should pay for Fritz, so he had White House stewards keep careful track of everything Mondale gobbled up while in Carter's company. When the President heard about it, though, he revised the economic policy: Lunches are on the White House again.

Pay Off: A poll just taken for Congressman Robert Drinan, in his own congressional district (which McGovern carried with 56 percent of the vote and Carter carried in 1976 with 57 percent of the vote), shows Carter's current approval rating among Jews at 15 percent and among non-Jews at 32 percent.

Fighting back. At a June 12-14 meeting of the World Food Conference in Mexico City, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, Eugene Whalen, intends to raise the idea of an OWEC, an organization of Wheat Exporting Countries, which would be the wheat producers equivalent of the oil producers' OPEC. An effective wheat cartel would have to enlist only four members—the US, Canada, Australia, and Argentina—which account for over 80 percent of all wheat exports in the world. (The US and Canada alone account for 65 percent.) Currently, however, Canada can sell wheat at 2-3 cents less a bushel than US producers because of a Canadian advantage in transportation costs. The People's Republic of China buys much of its imported wheat from the Canadians—so why would the Canadians be interested in an OWEC cartel? Because it could raise the average price of wheat 25 cents per bushel for all producers, according to an American agricultural expert. That increase, he continues, would probably abate the traditional opposition of many US farmers to government setting prices: "For 25 cents more a bushel, they'll throw free enterprise out the window."

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

To each according to his needs: On June 1, the Administration's council on wage and price stability issued a report on the cost of the coal settlement. Taken together, the figures in that report show that for the life of the contract—March 1978 through December 1981—it will cost $17.00 for each hour of labor to mine coal. In total wages and fringe benefits, miners will be earning $680 for a 40-hour week. Now *that's* workmen's compensation.

Brooke Shields Talmadge

How Brooke's Saving Talmadge In Senate Ethics Inquiry

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Talmadge: The $700 Man

The ethical problems of the U.S. Senate's only black member may serve as the diversion to protect one of its most fervently white members. While the Senate Ethics Committee mutters and scratches over questions involving the personal finances of Edward Brooke (R-Mass.), Herman Talmadge (D-Ga.) could slip out untouched by judgmental hands.

Talmadge has one distinguishable point in his favor: The charges against Brooke seem on the surface to be considerably more serious, a fact conceded by a top staffer on the Ethics Committee. Brooke is facing allegations that, among other things, he helped his mother-in-law receive nearly $50,000 in Medicaid benefits after she'd transferred large personal assets to members of her family, including Brooke. Medicaid fraud has a nastier edge to its scent than Talmadge's conventional indiscretion. Public reports say that the Georgia senator's been pocketing cash gifts from "friends and supporters" for years—saving the self-declared millionaire from writing more than two personal checks (totalling $700) in the last seven *years*. He hasn't even bothered to make the claim that his late father, the legendary mad demagogue four-time Governor "Ole Gene" Talmadge made when he was nailed in the 1940s: "Sure I stole, but I stole for you!"

In any case, a highly placed Ethics Committee spokesman said that not since the committee had been formed had the panel been forced to review simultaneous allegations of improprieties against two senators. "Never," sighed the spokesman, "never have we had to deal with anything like this." It seemed as though the public eye's ethical focus wasn't big enough for the two of them, and the senior senator from Georgia would be pleased to cede the privilege to the junior senator from Massachusetts.

—Dave Norton

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The Insider

Chinatown II: Seepage

Carter Fills Ocean as Farms Turn Brown

Jerry Brown's latest clash with Jimmy Carter comes right out of *Chinatown*: The Governor's playing Jack Nicholson trying to find out why missing water's being drained.

When high Carter aide Tim Kraft trekked to the San Joaquin Valley recently to help a Democratic congressional campaign, he ran into furious farmers assailing the Carter Interior Department's decision to dump up to 200,000 acre feet of federal water into the Pacific—despite heavy rains the underground water system hasn't recovered from the last few years' devastating drought. Brown immediately picked up the farmer standard and demanded in a telegram to Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus that the water dumping be stopped. A Bureau of Reclamation spokesman said that the water cannot go to the farmers because of a 160-acre limit for farms receiving federal water. As recently as 1969, though, the feds were more than happy to supply the larger farms. Now the Carterites are staying firm. Brown made Kraft the symbol of Carter callousness spilling the precious water.

Says Gene Lundquist, president of the powerful Kern County Water Agency speaking of 1980: "Maybe because he lost all the Western states, Carter doesn't care to serve our water needs." Says one politically important farm leader: "It's like Carter's following a script written by Jerry Brown." —*Joel Kotkin*

Today the world, tomorrow California

California, Policeman to the World, Training Mounties

Unsatisfied with the snooping of the FBI and the CIA, the state of California has built its own international police intelligence network (the Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch's inevitable acronym—OCCIB). Documents obtained by *New Times* reveal that this OCCIB has maintained close training links with the scandal-plagued Royal Canadian Mounted Police's intelligence agents. It has also collected intelligence concerning the "stability of the Mexican government."

The Canadian connection involves at least six top RCMP agents. They attended an extremely low-profile California-run police intelligence institute in Sacramento. There they learned such skills as electronic surveillance, informant development, "termination," and infiltration of legal organizations.

This training is believed by some Canadian politicians to be partially responsible for a rash of recently revealed scandals concerning RCMP action against French Canadian dissidents: illegal break-ins, the burning of a barn that had been proposed as a meeting place between American Black Panthers and the terrorist Quebec Liberation Front, and spying on separatist Premier René Levesque's Parti Québecois.

Politics

William Medigovich, a seven-year veteran of the CIA foreign operations section and now a top OCCIB analyst, admitted that his organization "normally keeps ties with all units trained at the school." He proudly added that while the Canadians are still a little behind us in their spy training, they are beginning to catch up.

The nation of California's interest in the "stability of the Mexican government" may be related to a request this year for an additional $143,000 from the state to beef up their staffing in that area, though the incognito's request for more international spy experts was denied in the Assembly. However, it was approved in the Senate and is now pending in a joint conference committee.

But the OCCIB's admission of foreign intelligence interests could prove embarrassing to both Republican gubernatorial candidate Evelle Younger and California Governor Jerry Brown. Attorney General Younger in effect oversees the increasingly rambunctious OCCIB, while Charles Casey, the branch's director, happens to be the governor's brother-in-law.

—*Joel Kotkin and Bill Wallace*

The Insider Interview

Ignorance Is Bliss and Ex-Rep. Earl Landgrebe's a Happy Guy

UPI

RN to EL: Get well soon

"Don't confuse me with the facts. I've got a closed mind!"

Thus spake Earl F. Landgrebe (three months after *New Times* named him one of America's ten dumbest congressmen) about the August 1974 release of Nixon's "smoking gun" Watergate tape—a rather depressing development, no doubt, for a man who had vowed to "stick with my President even if he and I have to be taken out of this building and shot."

Landgrebe is now living in Valparaiso, Indiana, the town to which the voters returned him at their earliest opportunity. He drives a truck and hauls freight for $5 an hour and he's still a rabid Nixonite. When the disgraced former President goes to Hyden, Kentucky, on July 2 to dedicate a recreation center named for him, Earl Landgrebe will be there.

"I knew Mr. Nixon," he says proudly. "I had a personal, friendly relationship with him. He sat at my bedside when I had my heart attack. He wore his American flag.

"When I traveled in Russia I wore my Nixon button and the Russian people gathered around me like flies around honey. They trusted Nixon."

Landgrebe believes that former Nixon staffers commit treason when they criticize their leader, and he is wary of their lying ways. But he is still fond of John Mitchell. "I would love to go see Mitchell in prison. He is one of the great people of our age."

Surely a man so wise must have some theories as to what the Watergate burglars were looking for? "Isn't it just *possible* that they were looking for a lead to who was financing those 100,000 peace demonstrators who finally forced, after Nixon was thrown out, the U.S. to surrender all of Southeast Asia to the *goddamn Communists who are over there slitting throats and tearing women apart!*" he screams.

And what about those White House tapes, anyway? "There are guys that can talk like Nixon and sound like him, and I don't even believe the tapes are authentic.

"They finally got Nixon out. And then they said, 'Landgrebe, we're going to get *you*,' and they got me. So I'll drive my truck. Goodbye now."

Goodbye.

—*Ira Rosen*

Teamsters president vanishes

Renegade Teamsters Challenge Fitzsimmons to Nosedown

When the Teamsters offered Peter Vitrano a new contract which provided for a $1.35-an-hour pay cut and the forfeiting of accrued pension money and seniority rights, the New Jersey truck dock worker was understandably perturbed. He quit his job and, along with a fellow member whose grievances included unsafe trucks and undemocratic union policies, filed complaints against Teamster president Frank Fitzsimmons.

With help from PROD, a 6,300-member rebel Teamster organization, the dissidents drew up a 94-page "bill of particulars" charging Fitzsimmons with, among other things, letting organized crime flourish in the union, approving hundreds of substandard sweetheart contracts and overpaying union officials. (Fitzsimmons himself scrapes by on $169,000 a year, with a $98,000 home and a kelly green Lincoln Continental limousine thrown in.) They asked to face Fitzsimmons in a closed disciplinary hearing and, amazingly, the union agreed.

UPI

But when the big day arrived last month, the president's lawyer arrived at the heavily guarded Washington hotel room-cum-hearing room in his stead. The charges were stale and frivolous, explained attorney Mozart G. Ratner, and not worthy of his client's time. The Fitzsimmonsless hearing became a national news event—"He's got the public relations sense of Dracula," said one PROD member. The rebel group now hopes to win some union elections this year.

Even so, Vitrano expects that the charges will be dismissed by the Teamster Executive Board which overwhelmingly reflects the Fitzsimmons philosophy. Said the president two years ago: "To those who say it is time to reform this organization and that it's time the officers stopped selling out its members, I say, 'Go to hell!' "

—*Michael Hoyt*

Black Someday

U.S. Takes Baby Steps to Keep Terrorism a Foreign Specialty

Ten days before the body of Aldo Moro was found in Rome, a group of high-ranking American officials flew down to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to observe a top-secret demonstration of America's counter-terrorist preparations.

The group, which included National Security Council head Zbigniew Brzezinski, CIA Director Stansfield Turner and Transportation Secretary Brock Adams, would be in charge in case of terrorist breakouts in the U.S.

What they witnessed was a full-scale exercise of Blue Light, a counter-terrorist force comprised of elements from all four armed services. A military transport disguised as a passenger plane complete with "passengers" was taken over by "terrorists" and was then successfully stormed by Blue Light rescue squads. It was an efficient clean-up.

FBI Director William Webster revealed during House Appropriations Committee testimony that 18 organizations and 84 individuals are now under investigation for terrorist activities. (Groups under investigation by the FBI and other law enforcement organizations include: the Weather Underground, the American Indian Movement, the New World Liberation Front and the FALN, which supports Puerto Rican independence.)

Most law enforcement and government sources agree that outbreaks of terrorism are likely here, but there's some question as to whether they will be spurred by foreign-based groups promoting their message here or domestic plantings. Robert H. Kupperman, chief scientist of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, says he sees the possibility of "an intermediate level of violence" with multiple killings and considerable destruction. Kupperman points out that commercial aircraft, natural gas pipelines, the electric power grid, offshore oil rigs and computers storing government and corporate records are all "sabotage-prone" targets which could, with conventional bombs or minimal knowledge of computer technology, be attacked.

Following the Aldo Moro and other world-wide terrorism incidents, the House Appropriations Committee, which had received an Administration proposal to eliminate 124 positions from the FBI Domestic Security and Terrorism program, recommended that the present 407-man level be maintained. Representative Helen Meyner (D-N.J.) has proposed the consideration of a U.S. Center for Conflict Resolution. Conflict resolution is designed to avert potentially explosive situations through techniques "worked out quietly, behind the scenes, efficiently," according to a Meyner aide.

DOUG WILSON/BLACK STAR

Anti-terrorist units: Short-order police

Our agents are now being trained by German and Israeli experts (there are reportedly 7,000 trainees in counter-terrorist techniques). "Our safeguards are lousy," says Dr. J. Bowyer Bell, a member of Columbia University's Institute of War and Peace Studies. "Other countries have strengthened police powers. The U.S. has not. The restrictions on law enforcement people and the CIA are excessive." ACLU Associate Director Alan Reitman suspects just the opposite: "There's always a danger of the public overreacting in something like this," he says. "We are concerned about laws which may impinge upon peaceful expression."

In a report written for the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, Kupperman has called for the establishment of a "national incident management system," incorporating "Red" and "Blue" teams, which would accumulate data through actual and simulated experiences. He's adamant that the preparations "can't be done in the abstract" any more than the violence itself would be in the abstract.

—*Josh Martin*

Father and son picnic

Al-Fassi Sr. Sent to Clean Up Son's Mess; Sheikh Gets Blotto, Punches Out Lawyer in Mid-Air

Oh that Sheikh Al-Fassi. When last we saw his eminence (*NT*: May 29), that young sheikh's $4 million palace was under siege by a livid community outraged by both the house and its outdoor statues (with pastel-painted pubic triangles).

JOHN BARR/LIAISON

Sheikh and Sheikha: Broken blossoms

And so it was that soon after our story ran, the 23-year-old sheikh and his 18-year-old sheikha decided to take it on the lam and fly home to Saudi Arabia. Los Angeles newsman Chuck Ashman of TV station KTTV found out why: The sheikh, he discovered, had taken his second wife in an Islamic ceremony in April (at a Beverly Hills hotel), American bigamy laws notwithstanding.

And so it happened that though the new bride,Victoria Sosa (suddenly aka Sheikha Al-Fassi), decided to leave the hotel, her husband the sheikh (she's since sworn to officials) held her. Sheikha Al-Fassi (aka Victoria Sosa) filed a criminal complaint with the Beverly Hills police department, then last week brought a $10 million civil suit charging both assault and battery and—due to her restraint—false imprisonment.

And back in Saudi Arabia, the camel dung flew: The sheikh's brother-in-law (and principal backer), the Prince Turkei (!), is the Saudi Deputy Defense Minister, more interested in American jets than embarrassing news reports about his wife's brother. He was furious: *assault and battery*. Al-Fassi and his sheikha were told to lie low, and stay in Saudi-land.

June 5. A grievous day in the history of the Al-Fassi family. Mohammed Al-Fassi's father (also a Sheikh Al-Fassi) flew to Los Angeles from London to work out his son's problems. On the jet the old man allegedly got blotto and popped a fellow passenger in the jaw. A bad jaw it was to slam: It belonged to prominent California lawyer/doctor Malbour Watson. The sheikh's two bodyguards quickly restrained his eminence in their own handcuffs while the pilot called ahead for the FBI. The Feds met the plane. We'll let FBI Special Agent Doug Ball speak for himself in describing the sheikh's condition. Special Agent Ball: "The sheikh was in no condition to talk to."

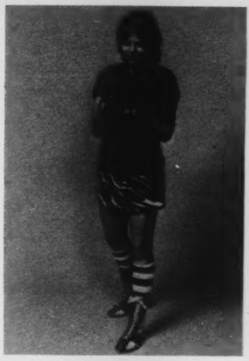
Dr. Watson, nursing wounds, has brought a $10 million suit in punitive damages against naughty Sheikh Al-Fassi Sr., and is asking for in excess of $100,000 in compensatory damages from the sheikh and British Airways—for serving too much liquor to the sheikh. Lawyers say that Al-Fassi's case won't be helped by the fact that his bodyguards *knew* to carry handcuffs, nor by the other suit pending against him from a slapped L. A. waiter.

Seventies

Still more grief for the Al-Fassis: The Jack Rabbit Delivery Service has filed a $6,000 attachment against the Al-Fassi bank accounts for unpaid bills for the delivery of items ranging from porcelain china to pepperoni pizza to the big house in Beverly Hills. The bums in town are saying, of course, that after you've taken care of one, you should just turn the other sheikh. ●

Below the belt

Zebra Girl Pummels Boxing Commission



Shirley Tucker: Striped victory

A fledgling female fighter, who isn't even licensed to box in California, just knocked out the toughest foe any professional pugilist there is likely to face: the California Athletic Commission.

Shirley "Zebra Girl" Tucker, a super-bantamweight boxer from the sleepy agricultural town of Santa Rosa, took on a 1976 Athletic Comission policy restriction. The policy, which prohibited lady prizefighters from going more than four rounds in a state-sanctioned professional match, was ostensibly designed to prevent less-experienced lady fighters from being injured in the ring. "Zebra Girl" claimed that the four-round rule was discriminatory: Four-round matches aren't much of a draw (fighters can expect to pick up only $300 or $400), and ten-round cards attract large audiences and purses.

The Commission threw in the towel. From now on, women will not only be allowed to fight ten-round bouts like men, but the Commission will re-examine other rules involving women's boxing.

"Zebra Girl" was incommunicado, training for a big match in Nevada next month, but her promoter-brother-in-law, Joe Bradley, was enthusiastic: "Women's boxing has been kind of a freak show. This new ten-round limit will throw the field wide open."

—Bill Wallace

Ad nauseam

And Keep the Soda Ad *Away* From The Mouse-in-the-Bottle Story

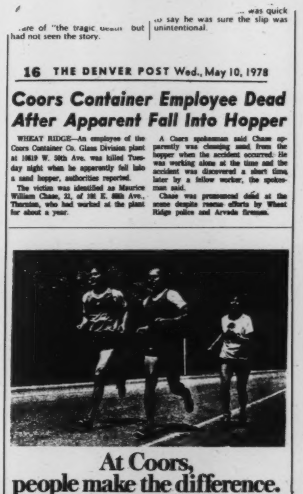
"At Coors, people make the difference," declared a large ad on page 16 of the May 10 *Denver Post*. The ad detailed the joys of the Adolf Coors Company's new recreation program which encourages employees to keep fit, since, "both mental and physical well-being is essential to good health and optimum job performance."

But there was one less employee to enjoy the Coors difference that day, according to a story located only a few inches above the ad which announced the death of a man who had fallen into the Coors sand hopper he was cleaning.

"Gosh, we didn't know about that, that's bad," said Craig Kuhl, a Coors spokesman, when told of the unfortunate story placement.

But *Post* assistant managing editor Jim Powers took it all in stride. "It was just pure chance," he said. "These things have happened many times in the past."

—Patricia Calhoun



are of "the tragic death but had not seen the story.

... was quick to say he was sure the slip was unintentional.

16 THE DENVER POST Wed., May 10, 1978

Coors Container Employee Dead After Apparent Fall Into Hopper

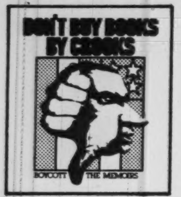
WHEAT RIDGE—An employee of the Coors Container Co. Glass Division plant at 10619 W. 50th Ave. was killed Tuesday night when he apparently fell into a sand hopper, authorities reported.

The victim was identified as Maurice William Chase, 21, of 101 E. 88th Ave., Thornton, who had worked at the plant for about a year.

A Coors spokesman said Chase apparently was cleaning sand from the hopper when the accident occurred. He was working alone at the time and the accident was discovered a short time later by a fellow worker, the spokesman said.

Chase was pronounced dead at the scene despite rescue efforts by Wheat Ridge police and Arvada firemen.

The Insider


DON'T BUY BOOKS BY CROOKS
BOYCOTT THE MEMOIRS

All that Nixon spews we print

Times Straddles Nixon Boycott

Remember *RN*? During the week that the *New York Times* was running its earth-shaking excerpts, the Committee to Boycott Nixon's Memoirs wanted to place a $2,200/400-line ad in the paper promoting their cause. The committee was cheeky enough to ask that the ad sit close to the serialized excerpt.

Media

The *Times* advertising department decided it would be wrong to accept the ad, and Sydney Gruson, an executive vice-president of the Times Company, phoned the committee to explain why. "He said it was a matter of 'taste,'" said Henry Canby, the committee's PR strategist.

Thus, it seemed odd when a recent *Times* editorial (headlined "Don't Buy Books by Crooks?") stated: "Those who do not care for Mr. Nixon have a right not to buy it [Nixon's memoirs] and to advertise in the hopes of getting others not to buy it."

An editorial board member who, in good *Times* tradition, insisted on anonymity, said the board had no knowledge of the ad ban and that the editorial was written on the basis of a *Times* story on the Atlanta Book Fair, where Grosset and Dunlap execs slammed the boycott.

"Our ignorance goes as far as our own paper," volunteered our editorial writer. He ended his piece: "If scoundrels could not publish, the world would be deprived of much literature." (The *Times* book arm had published H. R. "The Brush" Haldeman's *The Ends of Power.)*

—Jane Perlez

Hot rocks

Children of America On Verge of Serious CO2 Addiction

Whoever thought there would be an underground market for candy? And carbonated candy, no less? Two years ago, General Foods concocted Pop Rocks and Space Dust, two confections that can loosely be called Future Candy. The explosive ingredient is carbon dioxide, which allows Pop Rocks to crackle and Space Dust to sizzle when they melt in your mouth.

General Foods has been test-marketing the Kool-Aid-like stuff in California, the Southeast, and Des Moines, Iowa, but so far the candies haven't been officially distributed in the Northeast. However, the firm underestimated the demand for its products: New York City grocery stores and luncheonettes have been found selling the .17-ounce packages at as much as twice their suggested retail price of 20 cents.

"If it's being sold here, it's being bootlegged," insisted a spokeswoman for the White Plains, New York-based company. She added that the bootleg Pop Rocks would disappear in October, when General Foods plans to distribute the orange-, cherry- and grape-flavored candies nationwide.

—Doug Garr

Space Dust
SIZZLING CANDY

Pop rocks: CO_2icide

DES be not proud

Synthetic Estrogen Seen Tied To Testicular Cancer

DES (diethylstilbestrol), the synthetic estrogen that has been linked to vaginal and cervical cancer in the daughters of women who took the hormone while pregnant, has now been linked to testicular cancer in sons.

Dr. Esteban Cvitkovic, of New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute, found that 10 percent of the testicular cancer patients he examined had documented histories of prenatal exposure to DES. According to Cvitkovic, who conducted a year-long search of microfilmed hospital and pharmacy records, the actual percentage is probably higher. Patients whose mothers said they took DES, but for whom no documentation could be found, were not counted as having been exposed. (A control group of 120 similar-aged men with other cancers had no cases of DES exposure.)

Between 2 and 3 million pregnant women took the hormone from the late 1940s until fairly recently to prevent miscarriage. In 1971, DES was linked to vaginal and cervical cancer in their daughters. Until now, reports of the effects of prenatal exposure on men have included decreased sperm count, undersized genitals and cysts of the sperm storage tubes adjacent to the testes, but no cancer.

Testicular cancer accounts for about 1 percent of all cancers, according to the National Cancer Institute, but it is one of the most frequent malignancies in men under 35. The number of testicular cancer cases from 1953 to 1973 doubled among whites and tripled among blacks. Testicular cancer is also striking men earlier in life.

Mind & Body

Cvitkovic said that the type of vaginal and cervical cancer linked to DES was virtually unknown before the late 1960s, and that when several cases turned up, scientists found a shared DES history among them. But since the incidence of testicular cancer had been on the rise, it was more difficult to trace an association with prenatal DES exposure.

And no one is safe from DES: As of 1978, 80 percent of U.S. livestock feed contained DES.

—Michael Castleman

Do-it-yourself doctor

Big Belly, Severe Kicking May Indicate Pregnancy

If a pregnant woman is given certain drugs or put through surgery, there is a good chance that her unborn child could suffer irreparable damage. And yet thousands of women who enter hospitals are not even aware that they're pregnant.

For four years two gynecologists in New Jersey tested every woman of childbearing age who entered their hospital for "occult" pregnancy. They found that 111 of the women tested (2.7%) were pregnant; 61 of them did not know it. One hundred fifteen thousand women are exposed to this kind of risk every year.

The distressing fact is that it is during the early stage of pregnancy—when the condition is not always apparent—that the fetus is most vulnerable to drugs and other potentially harmful medical treatments. The gynecologists say, however, that such hazards could be easily avoided if hospitals routinely tested all women of childbearing age upon admission. Such a test is simple, cheap (only $1.50) and widely available.

—Larry Frederick

LE CAR
Le Car

Le Weekend Car

Weekends were made for fun and Le Car was made for weekends. From the moment you flip open the giant sun roof (optional) and take off to wherever you're going, you'll discover that getting there can be more fun than you ever imagined. Because Le Car is a totally new kind of small car that offers you a totally new kind of driving experience.

A responsive car that's fun to drive.

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. (Chevette, Rabbit, Honda Civic and Fiesta don't offer this combination of standard features.) What all these features add up to is an exciting drive instead of a tedious trip.

Front-wheel drive means superior traction under all sorts of conditions.

Rack and pinion steering adds a responsiveness that makes Le Car easier to handle. Le Car owners actually look forward to winding country roads.

Four-wheel independent suspension means not only great handling but a ride so remarkably smooth that Car & Driver called it, "a new standard for small cars."

Michelin tires have a proven record of excellence in providing superior handling and aiding gasoline economy.

Le Car gets 41 MPG highway/26 MPG city according to 1978 EPA figures.* Remember: these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Smaller outside, bigger inside.

Le Car is designed to give you the most interior passenger room while using the least exterior space. And its rear seats fold down to give you more luggage space than Civic and Chevette.

In Europe nearly two million people (that's more than Rabbit and Fiesta combined) drive Le Car with a passion. Here in America, Le Car has more than doubled sales in 1977. And in an independent study Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%. The price for all this? A very satisfying $3583†.

Le Weekend Car. One of the nicest things about owning it is that you can also drive it the other five days of the week. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000.

Le Car by Renault

*California excluded. †P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. Renault USA, Inc. © 1978.

NewTimes

The Bomb in Your Bathroom

Thousands of Americans are injured each year in aerosol-related accidents. Some are even killed. And now a flammable new formula is making aerosol cosmetics more dangerous to have around than ever before

by Eve Pell

If you spray your underarms every morning—if, in fact, you use just about any aerosol product, from Miss Breck to Brut—there's good news and bad news.

The good news: Soon you won't have to worry about destroying the ozone layer. Federal regulatory agencies have banned (effective December 15) production of most fluorocarbon propellants, which are believed to eat away at the ozone, our only shield against the sun's carcinogenic ultraviolet rays. Aerosol sprays will henceforth rely on "new environmental formulas" (as the labels say) to propel the product from the can to your body.

The bad news: These "environmental" formulas are, in most cases, flammable and explosive.

When you spray yourself with most products using the new formulas, you're getting mists full of butane, isobutane or propane, essentially the same flammable explosives used for lighter fluid, or in gas stoves. Butane, isobutane and propane are hydrocarbons, components of liquified natural gas.

Three years ago, a federal task force studying possible replacements for fluorocarbons warned that hydrocarbons were too dangerous to use. "Propane and butane have the advantages of low cost, stability and low toxicity," the group reported. "However, they are highly flammable under certain circumstances and, because of a potential blowtorch effect, should not be used in personal products." Other regulatory agency officials issued similar warnings.

But the warnings were ignored. A quick visit to a drugstore will show that new formulations of L'Oreal Elnett, Protein 21, Adorn, Miss Breck, Alberto VO5 and other hair sprays now contain propane, butane or isobutane, as do new cans of Right Guard, Soft & Dri, Dial, Ultra Ban II, Brut and other deodorants. In fact, 85 percent of aerosol cosmetics now contain hydrocarbons. As the deadline for the fluorocarbon ban draws near, many more manufacturers will switch to the new formulations.

These hydrocarbon aerosols—when exposed to flame, or left in the sun, or stored under a kitchen sink while boiling water runs through the drain—can explode and burn. The heat simply raises the internal pressure so high that the container bursts, sometimes sending pieces of metal flying like shrapnel. Fluorocarbon aerosols can also explode, of course. But when a can with a fluorocarbon propellant is exposed to heat, the pressure rises more slowly than in a hydrocarbon aerosol. Fluorocarbons are therefore less explosive. And unlike hydrocarbons, they will not suddenly burst into a ball of flame.

Still, as consumers begin to examine the "new environmental formulas," they might pause to consider the safety of all aerosol cans. Many industry critics insist that regardless of the propellant inside, the cans are patently unsafe and have caused severe injury. And indeed a 1974 study by the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) came up with a startling conclusion: "The average severity rating estimated for aerosol-related injuries was higher than the average severity rating estimated *for all other consumer product injuries.*" (Italics added.)

Thousands of people each year are hurt so badly that they must be treated at hospitals. The National Electronic Injury Surveillance System (NEISS), an arm of the CPSC, processes reports from 119 statistically-selected hospital emergency rooms, then makes computerized projections. NEISS estimates that in 1974, 4,457 people suffered aerosol-related injuries, ranging from chemical irritations to burns and lacerations; in several cases the injuries were fatal. And it's getting worse every year. Even though the use of aerosols declined after 1974 because of the ozone controversy, the number of injuries has steadily risen. In 1975, there were an estimated 5,656 injuries; in 1976, there were 5,798; and in 1977, 6,059.

Since mid-1973, NEISS records (which are admittedly incomplete) show 356 deaths associated with aerosols, the majority from inhaling the contents of cans, but others from burns suffered in explosions.

Ana Maria Hernandez of Oakland, California, was one of those 5,798 people injured in aerosol accidents in 1976. She sued Chevron Chemical Company, claiming that a can of Ortho Rose & Flower Spray (primarily a hydrocarbon aerosol) ignited in August 1976, severely burning her and charring part of her kitchen. After she removed the can from a storage cabinet beneath the sink, Hernandez says, it gave off a whooshing sound and burst into flames, apparently having caught fire from the pilot light on her stove. She spent nearly two weeks in the hospital. During the explosion she inhaled some of the spray, and subsequently spit up black phlegm. A year later one internist speculated that the chemicals she inhaled might have some connection with the growth of a tumor on her thyroid.

The can Hernandez used bore no warning that it was flammable, though cans of Ortho Rose & Flower Spray produced since her accident bear such warnings. Of the ingredients, four were explosive, and two of those four were also flammable.

Eve Pell is a freelance writer living in Mill Valley, California.

Photograph by John Barrett

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New!
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Gillette
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SHAVE CREAM NET WT.
Fluorocarbo
to Environ
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NON-FLUOROCARBON
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Binaca®
Concentrated
Frosty Mint®
Breath
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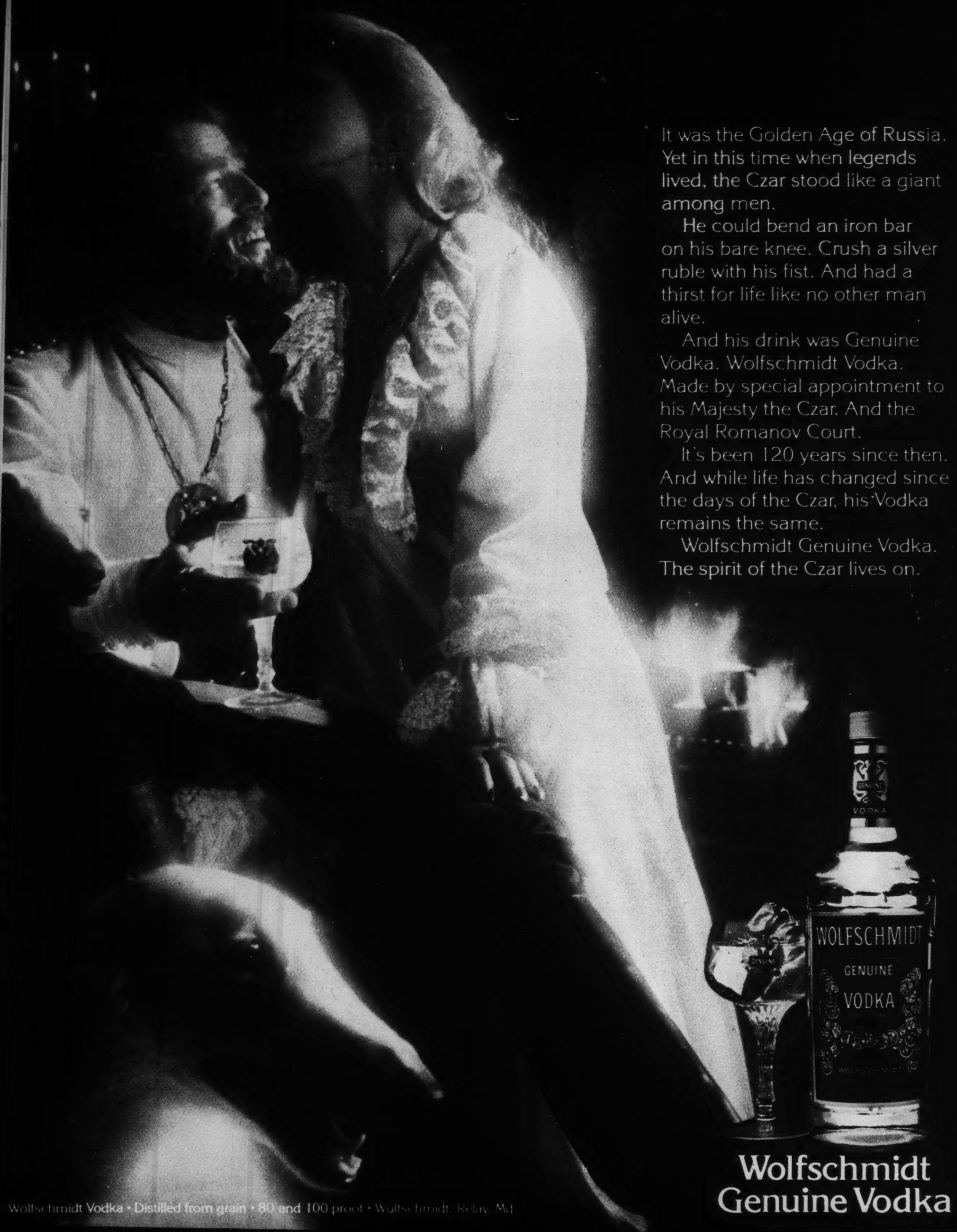
NET WT. .2 OZ.
5.67 gm

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

Chevron's lawyers noted that the can showed clear evidence of puncture by a sharp object, but Hernandez denied having punctured it. Given the hole in the top of the can, Chevron might well have won any lawsuit, but the company settled with her out of court for $14,000. Concerned about adverse publicity and protecting its trade secrets, Chevron obtained a court order preventing Hernandez's lawyer from disclosing any information the company provided about its cans during the course of litigation.

However, court records of the case contain much of this information, including 13 letters from consumers complaining that Ortho Rose & Flower Spray cans had burst in their homes, and an acknowledgment from the company that at least 31 cans had been discovered to be defective. The letter writers told of illness, nausea, dead pets, damage to homes, and fears that exposure to noxious chemicals might harm them in the future.

By paying off Hernandez, Chevron bypassed a potentially damaging public trial. This method of handling lawsuits makes it hard for researchers to gather data about accidents and injuries, and enables companies to keep the precise ingredients of their formulations hidden. But despite the corporate stonewall, some grim stories are coming out.

There is the story of Casimiro Lopez, for example. Lopez is a 49-year-old former janitor at a Sears store in Northern California. At work one day in 1975, he emptied the contents of rest room waste baskets onto the incinerator floor and, seeing nothing amiss, swept the pile into the fire. Within seconds, an explosion shot flames, paint and burning paper towels all over him. His clothing caught fire. He suffered second- and third-degree burns from his legs to his face, and spent 35 pain-filled days hospitalized while skin grafts were performed. His eyesight was permanently damaged, as was his back, from the force of the explosion. The father of ten children, he is still unable to work. An exploded aerosol paint can was found in the incinerator.

"Those cans are very dangerous," he says through an interpreter. "The paper towels must have stuck to the wet paint where the can leaked, so I couldn't see the can when I inspected. I didn't know whether someone was trying to kill me or what when the thing blew up."

Consumer activists and regulatory agency staffers agree that figures on accidents like those suffered by Casimiro Lopez and Ana Hernandez are probably far too low. "All you get is the tip of the tip of the iceberg," says Dr. Albert Fritsch, co-director of the Center for Science in the Public Interest, and one of the first to draw attention to the hazards of aerosols. "No one keeps adequate statistics, no one really knows. And that is in the interest of the companies, which don't want it to be known."

There are patents on at least 63 safety devices for aerosols, but manufacturers have shown little interest

Ian B. Paterson, a safety engineer who doesn't even allow aerosols in his house ("the cans are not strong enough—they're too thin for the pressure"), says that many different relief valves and burst diaphragms are available to prevent the violent explosions of aerosols, but manufacturers are too lazy or too cheap to use them. (In fact, patents on at least 63 safety devices for aerosols have been granted; cost estimates for installing such devices range from one to five cents per can. But manufacturers have shown little interest.)

Paterson has been a consultant in six court cases involving exploding aerosols, two of which involved fatalities, one a lost eye, and the rest severe burns. He considers aerosols as presently designed inherently unsafe. Incineration is the most common cause of serious burns, he says, followed by smoking while using the product. And Paterson makes the grisly prediction that with hydrocarbon-propelled personal products becoming more widely used, there will be more people burned every year.

Why choose propane and butane to mix with flammable hair spray resins and flammable alcohol-based cosmetics? The reasons go back to the 1974 findings by two University of California scientists that fluorocarbons (more properly called chlorofluorocarbons) released into the air rise and deplete the ozone layer, permitting more of the sun's ultraviolet rays to reach the earth, where they are known to cause skin cancer. The resulting controversy led—after years of frustrating government inaction—to a ban on the production of fluorocarbons as propellants and a ban on almost all flourocarbon aerosol sales (effective April 15, 1979). A few pharmaceutical and industrial aerosols, such as those used for dispensing medicines and cleaning Defense Department missiles, are exempted.

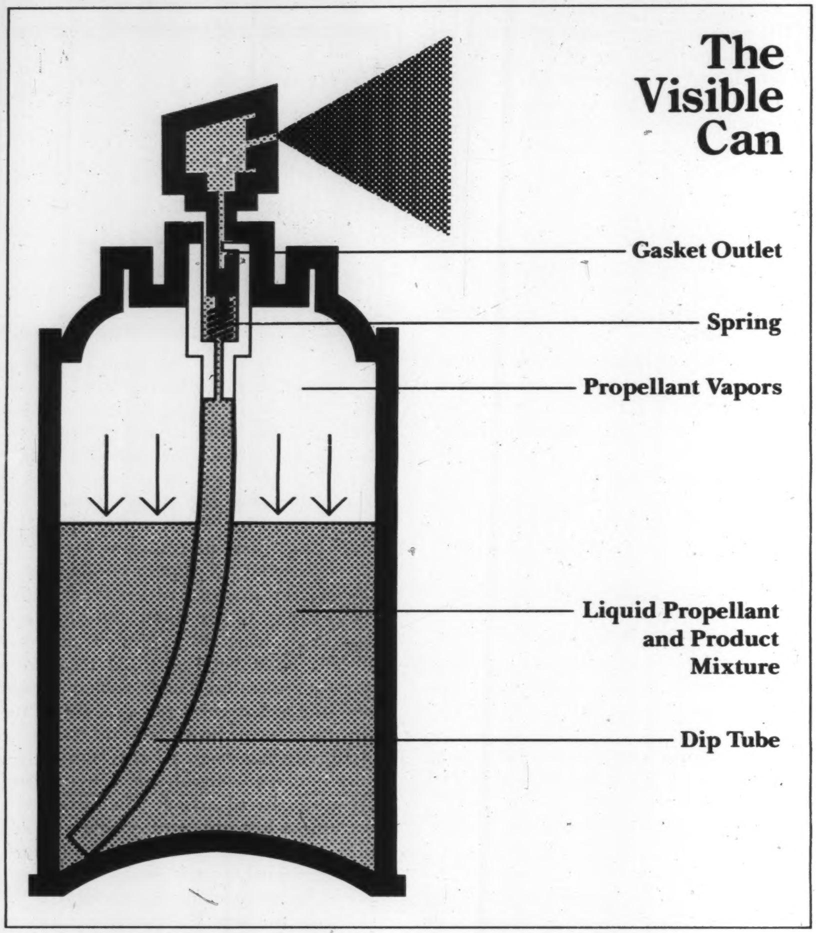
The ban, adopted over the strenuous objections of the aerosol industry (which claimed it to be unjustified and premature), sent manufacturers scrambling in search of propellants to replace fluorocarbons, which were nonflammable and widely used in cosmetic and toiletry products. About half of all aerosols—including shaving cream, most household products and nearly all spray paints—have generally used the cheaper hydrocarbons and were not much affected by the ban. But cosmetics industry executives (whose products used the vast majority of fluorocarbon propellants) were greatly unnerved.

Although pump sprays, roll-ons and sticks would seem to solve the problem of safely dispensing hair spray, deodorant and the like, the aerosol industry insists that American consumers demand the convenience and ease of spray cans. Of course, propellant manufacturers, valve and can producers, chemical companies and contract packagers, as well as the cosmetics industry itself—Gillette, Alberto-Culver and the rest—all stand to suffer if spray cans give way to nonaerosol alternatives. So to save us from the agonies of "finger fatigue" from pumps (and to keep themselves in business), aerosol manufacturers studied the possibilities and came out with new formulations, employing the hydrocarbons in place of the environmentally suspect fluorocarbons.

But why choose hydrocarbons? Because other propellants seemed worse. Carbon dioxide, used in a small percentage of aerosols, operates at a very high pressure, gives a damp spray and tends to run out before all the product is dispensed. The new hydrochlorofluorocarbons, which do not harm the ozone, seemed promising, but appeared to be fatal to rat embryos. Other propellants had severe drawbacks. So it was back to hydrocarbons, which, despite the misleading "New" on the packages, have been used in some household aerosols for decades.

But in the years before the nonflammable fluorocarbons became tainted with controversy, manufacturers considered hydrocarbons too flammable and explosive for use in personal products—except shaving cream, which contains large amounts of water. And as the ozone issue gained momentum, various executives, speaking on the pages of the industry-boosting monthly *Aerosol Age*, expressed again and again their fear that hydrocarbons were too flammable to use as propellants in hair sprays (a mix of alcohol, resin and perfume), deodorants (alcohol, astringent, perfume), antiperspirants (about 90 percent propellant) and colognes (largely alcohol). Where fluorocarbons actually *reduce* the flammability of those products, hydrocarbons *increase* it.

Now that the fluorocarbon ban is law, though, industry spokesmen have done an about-face. While conceding that hydrocarbons increase the flammability of their formulations, they insist they've taken the necessary precautions to make these cans safe. But one of the solvents


The Visible Can

added to reduce pressure and flammability, methylene chloride, presents another kind of hazard. Found in L'Oreal Elnett, Miss Breck and Alberto VO5, among others, methylene chloride registers as strongly mutagenic on a variation of the Ames bacterial test, a system in which the reactions of salmonella bacteria indicate which chemicals cause heritable mutations in cells. An astonishing 90 percent of the chemicals that show up as mutagenic on the Ames test also turn out to be carcinogens. Dr. Vincent Simmons, the Stanford Research Institute International microbiologist who performed the tests on methylene chloride, is worried about its use. "I think there's a rush by the manufacturers to sell this product," he says. "I personally, as a scientist, am very concerned about its continued use in aerosols until the long-term experiments with animals presently under way are completed. Knowing the chemistry and the other chemicals in that class, my suspicion is that it will turn out to be carcinogenic." The animal tests, at Dow Chemical and the National Cancer Institute, will not be completed for at least a year.

Still another series of tests has shown methylene chloride produces cell transformations in rat tissue, a further cause for alarm. In addition, Dr. Sylvan Eisenberg, a San Francisco chemical engineer, raises doubts about its effectiveness in reducing flammability when sprayed in a small space like a bathroom. He also suspects it may impair the heart's ability to contract. "You wouldn't want to inhale the vapors to any great extent," Eisenberg says.

Despite such a long list of danger signals, the chemical continues in general use. A spokesman for Dow Chemical, which produces methylene chloride, says it presents only "a negligible risk" to the user.

But a clear indication that manufacturers themselves are not satisfied with the hydrocarbon formulations now on the market is their joy at the newest invention of Robert Abplanalp, the millionaire valve inventor best known as a friend of Richard Nixon's. The day after the federal regulatory agencies announced their proposed ban on fluorocarbons last summer, Abplanalp held a press conference to promote a new valve system, christened Aquasol, which he claimed would permit safe use of hydrocarbon propellants, and water-based formulation of almost any product. But if the present systems on the market are already safe, as industry spokesmen contend, why would anything further be required, especially a system using a more expensive valve? The industry, in any event, greeted Abplanalp's news with enthusiasm.

Press photos showed Nixon's yachting companion extinguishing candles with an aerosol, and the *Washington Post* ran an editorial praising the triumph of American ingenuity and expressing relief that consumers wouldn't have to give up their convenient spray cans.

But 11 months after the dazzling announcement, at least one aerosol manufacturer has his doubts. "It's a theoretical model, which they think is the greatest thing since the wheel," says David Williams of Pacific Aerosol in San Leandro, California. "But they announced it months ago, and we can't buy it or test it. This has been the history of different advancements like this—and some of them just don't work."

A spokesman for Abplanalp's firm, Precision Valve Corporation, blames the press for creating overly high expectations for the Aquasol valve, and claims it will work once testing and complicated adjustments are completed. Some manufacturers share his optimism; others do not.

Industry officials would like nothing better than for Abplanalp's new gizmo to succeed. But with or without the new valve, it seems that many industry spokesmen will nevertheless defend the safety of aerosol sprays. This is all very big business, and nobody wants to monkey with that.

Since the U.S. Army first developed a carbon-dioxide-propelled "bug bomb" in the 1940s, aerosols have grown to a $4.7-billion-a-year industry selling about 2.3 billion units of some 600 products. There are now roughly 12 aerosol cans per capita in the U.S. You can attract fish, repel rabbits, spray girdles (for ease in dressing), scent food, stiffen petticoats and prevent pig fights with aerosol sprays, in addition to the more familiar household, personal and industrial uses.

So it's very big business—and the interests of consumer and producer often diverge. For example, Walter Nuckols, director of corporate marketing for the Risdon Manufacturing Company, wrote in the August 1977 *Aerosol Age* that companies switching to the pump are finding, to their dismay, that it takes twice as long to use the product as it did with aerosols. "You can imagine what this does to repeat sales," he complained. And last May's *Aerosol Age* criticized "an infuriating report" on a New York television station that called aerosols two to seven times more expensive than the same product in a different package. The magazine warned, "More and more pressure is being applied to the economics of the package."

The aerosol industry is resisting the

economic pressure—and defending can safety—with a PR effort that seems as smoothly choreographed as a Rockettes dance number. Talk to the spokesmen for the various firms marketing aerosol hair sprays and deodorants, and you will think they have all taken the same course in how to field questions from the press. Mention, for example, the CPSC prediction that more consumers will suffer burns now that hydrocarbon propellants have replaced fluorocarbons, and the public relations man will read the warning label from a can. "Do not puncture or incinerate," he will intone righteously. "Do not store at temperatures exceeding 120° . . ." After that, he will criticize the NEISS system of recording accidents. ("Well, you know that if someone happens to stumble over an aerosol can, that's chalked up as an injury caused by our industry," one PR man says in a blend of aggrieved innocence, condescension and bitterness.) The tune varies from this point on, but the refrain is always the same: Aerosols are safe.

These industry spokesmen blame aerosol accidents on consumers. "Usually, when you look into an accident, you find some very curious circumstances—you're dealing with an alcoholic, let's say," says Stewart Saunders, a public relations man with Gillette.

"I don't know of a case where there has been a major injury from an aerosol can containing a hydrocarbon propellant," says Ralph Engel, president of the Chemical Specialities Manufacturers Association. But the scores of accident investigations conducted by the CPSC, which Engel says he has gone over case by case, show that paints and lacquers (which almost invariably use hydrocarbon propellants) have been connected with more injuries involving burning and explosion than any other category of aerosol.

Why then hasn't the industry adopted a pressure-relief system like the Rim Vent Release, in which etched points around the rim of the can are designed to give way when pressure rises above a safe level? Engel says the CPSC has called the can design hazardous and forbidden its use; a spokeswoman for the CPSC says no such ruling has ever been made.

But if the CPSC hasn't discouraged aerosol safety, exactly, it hasn't been vigilant in protecting consumers, either. The problem, as in most public-health controversies, is that industry is well organized, while federal regulatory agencies are too specialized or chaotic to be effective. Aerosols are regulated by several different agencies, which rarely coordinate their efforts. "We in government divide up the pot, and everyone has their little part of it," Dorothy Canter of the CPSC says. "It can be quite confusing."

The problem, as in most public-health controversies, is that industry is well organized, while federal regulatory agencies are ineffective

Indeed. The Environmental Protection Agency has jurisdiction over insecticides, but is concerned mostly with large-scale agriculture and has little time for household sprays. The Food and Drug Administration oversees foods, drugs and cosmetics; the CPSC takes what's left. The regulatory agencies were lobbied very hard by aerosol companies during the fluorocarbon controversy. In fact, it was the aggressive lobbying, combined with governmental disarray, that delayed the fluorocarbon ban for so long. None of the agencies now plans new hydrocarbon regulations. They appear to accept manufacturers' claims that the "environmental" formulas are safe—even though there is no requirement that manufacturers inform the government of their exact formulations, which are considered trade secrets. (The House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, though, probably will examine the new formulas later this year.)

Aerosol producers, like other makers of consumer products, fight passionately against the regulations that do exist. Labeling requirements, for example, provoke fury among manufacturers forced to warn consumers of possible hazards arising from their products. The Food and Drug Administration has committed "a clear error of judgment," argued one unsuccessful trade association lawsuit protesting warning labels on small aerosolized fragrance containers, because "the effect on the marketer will be severe, and the benefits to the public minimal." Spokesmen complain that the aesthetics of a luxury, convenience item are being "wrecked" by labeling requirements, as one of them puts it.

But the labeling requirements are hardly stringent. In Canada, by contrast, aerosol cans bear distinct symbols indicating the hazards involved, with warnings in two languages. Spray paint, for instance, carries a diagram of an exploding bomb, flames, and a skull and crossbones. Canadian aerosols bear the graphic warning because of an incident in which someone was injured when a spray can was tossed into a fire. Despite the thousands of similar injuries in the U.S., cans sold here have no such grim symbols.

One CPSC official, who declines to be named, expresses disgust with his agency. "CPSC is just totally incompetent," he says. "I suspect the Canadians are doing a better job." In fact, recent reports indicate that the Carter Administration is considering whether the CPSC should be disbanded and its responsibilities divided among other federal agencies.

In 1973, the Center for Science in the Public Interest filed a petition before the CPSC asking for a total ban on household aerosols, and explosion-proof containers for all others. The Center argued that aerosols contain highly toxic chemicals and are always subject to misuse. "It took the CPSC two years just to decide where they could act and where they couldn't," complains Tom Conry, a former Center researcher. "They approached the whole business from a procedural standpoint. They seemed to be concerned with covering themselves." The CPSC finally denied the petition in July 1975.

A recent statement from the Center shows it is still concerned about the safety of aerosol cans, and especially about the "new" hydrocarbon propellants: "Let's recall that only three decades ago there were no aerosol sprays, and everyone seemed to dispense their personal products fairly easily. Some of us use no aerosols and are alive and well. . . . Aerosols containing toxic or caustic material have blinded, killed, disfigured and crippled users. More harmless varieties have caused heart, respiratory and skin problems. . . . The hazards [of the fluorocarbons] are clear. *The hazards of aerosolized alternatives may be even greater.*" (Italics added.)

Insurance companies and airline pilots indicate fear of the hydrocarbons in their own ways. Dr. Edwin Shykind, acting director of the Office of Business Policy and Analysis of the Department of Commerce, says he has found that insurance rates for the factory of one company considering a switch from flourocarbons to hydrocarbons would increase a staggering 37 times. Other manufacturers say their rates would triple or quintuple. And Dr. Otto Lokemper of Caig Laboratories in Escondido, California, complains of trouble finding pilots willing to carry his aerosol lubricants formulated with hydrocarbons—even in quantities as small as 12 cans.

One executive of a California aerosol company, who fought unsuccessfully to stave off the fluorocarbon ban, thinks he knows the reason for both the insurance hike and the pilots' reluctance. "With flourocarbons you have a nonflammable product that's safe to work with," he says. "But with hydrocarbons you have a product that's literally a bomb."

Migma Man

Maverick physicist Bogdan Maglich has been called a nut, a genius, a crafty operator and a quack. But his tiny nuclear reactor may hold the answer to achieving fusion energy

by Jonathan Black

The world according to Maglich is divided between those friendly to migma and those unfriendly to migma. For a brief, happy time Howard Hughes seemed a potential friend. At least his top aides at Summa Corporation feared their boss might hear about migma independently and fly into one of his fabled rages, and so hastily summoned Bogdan Maglich from Princeton, New Jersey. As is his way, Maglich softened them up with the film.

It is concealed in a black attaché case that snaps open to reveal a videoscreen and projector. The film is 20 minutes long and begins with the thrilling swell of violin strings as an attractive blond stops by a lakeside beach to explain, "Deep inside the sun, hydrogen and helium cook at enormous temperatures. At the Fusion Energy Corporation [FEC], a team of physicists headed by Bogdan Maglich . . . " Cut to FEC's basement, where a smiling Maglich stands proudly alongside his migma nuclear reactor—a large sausage-shaped machine bristling with pipes and tubes. He urges us to peer through one of its portholes. Two small circles flash across the screen. They crash and split. An accelerator, we are told, injects a beam of atomic nuclei that loops around a vacuum chamber and then . . . *smashes into itself*. Quickly, a pen traces elaborate rosette configurations of more self-colliding nuclei. "This unique blend of atomic orbits is called migma. From the Greek meaning 'mixture.'" As the screen fills with swirling orbits, the blond explains, her voice a throaty whisper: "We are now in the exciting domain of . . . high migma density." Here, we are told, fusion takes place. But the best news is saved for last: Migma is safe (uses *non*-radioactive fuels), migma is versatile ("It could be used to power a house . . . or with migma cells stacked, an entire city!") and migma is practical (on board the U.S.S. *Enterprise* a man in a captain's jacket declares: "I'm particularly impressed with its advantages for ships at sea!"). Eventually, back at lakeside, the blond perches on a handy bit of driftwood and shares this final thought: "Yes, it is the dream of accomplishing something so profound . . . and yet so *simple*." The Mantovani strings soar gently over the pounding waves . . .

It was never clear whether Hughes himself saw the film, and unhappily for Maglich, Hughes died before his loyalty to migma could be confirmed. Subsequently, however, Summa executives did toss considerable cash in FEC's kitty, and were it not for the spate of contested wills, they might have made Maglich a very, very rich man. Of course in casting a vote for migma they disputed 95 percent of the world's fusion scientists, who have ruled the migma cell totally unworkable and have branded its creator a nut, a brilliant quack and what one top physicist called "the craftiest operator I've ever seen."

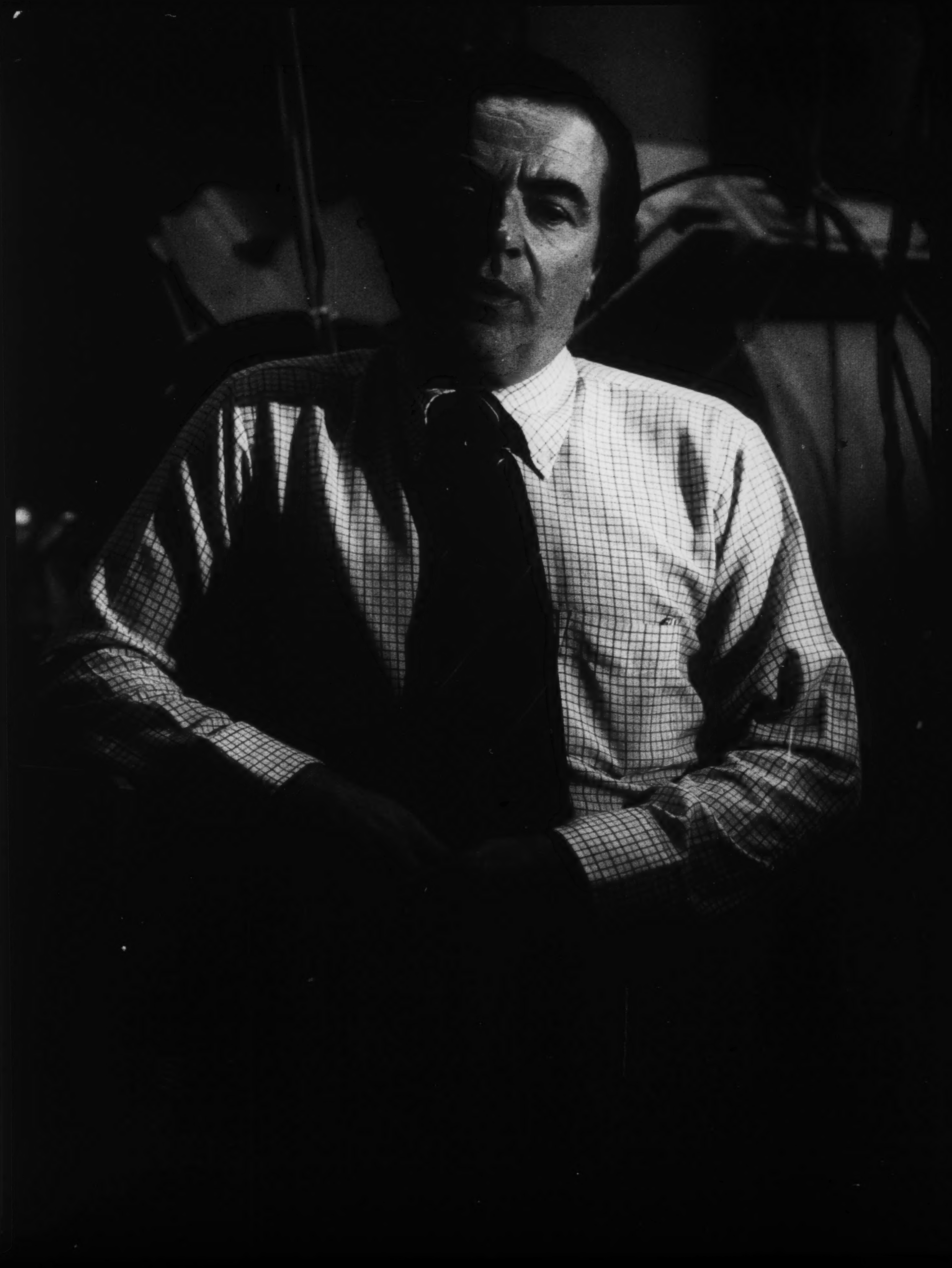
Such slander would hardly surprise Maglich. It only confirms just how egoistically wedded the mainline fusion community is to its government-sponsored research and government-bankrolled machines. Maglich, of course, can well understand their dilemma. When the H-Bomb exploded over the blue Pacific, there was rampant enthusiasm about developing methods of harnessing the bomb's energy and using it in a non-explosive, controlled reactor. (The two basic concepts are called fusion and fission; both are based on Einstein's $E=mc^2$. In fission, the conversion of mass into energy is accomplished by splitting the nucleus of a heavy atom, such as uranium 235; in fusion, energy is released by *joining* the nuclei of light atoms, such as hydrogen.) But 25 years after the explosion U.S. scientists admit that the reality of controlled fusion will have to await the early 21st century. The Maglich analysis of this rather embarrassing disappointment goes: Those nuclear physicists who began research under the mushroom cloud of the Pacific were fatally hampered by the misguided notion of "taming the H-Bomb," the idea being to take an ionized gas (plasma), confine it, then heat it up so much that the atomic nuclei fuse. On paper the scheme sounded fine; in practice it proved a bit tricky. And while fusion scientists were figuring out how to cook plasma to 100 million degrees and then how to keep the gas in one place, along came Bogdan Maglich with a better mousetrap. Maglich did away with heated plasma (the *thermo*nuclear approach). In its place he adopted the new technique of "colliding beams"—something like firing two high-powered rifles from opposite ends of Manhattan so the bullets hit head-on. Except, Maglich uses only *one* rifle and bends the beam of bullets to hit itself. The collision releases considerable energy. The latest crash in the migma cell produced a kinetic temperature equivalent to 10 *billion* degrees Celsius.

Prodigious feats such as these might have swayed Hughes and perhaps might explain the autographed photo of Maglich and Marshal Tito that hangs in an FEC corridor alongside the framed Christmas card from Jimmy Carter. Unfortunately, good will greetings alone can't subsidize a nuclear reactor—even a modest migma cell. Nor, it seems, can private investment. While 27 percent of FEC is owned by the giant Swiss aluminum company Alusuisse, and while the Caterpillar Tractor Company may be flirting with a major investment, and while a certain Mideast plutocrat is throwing in enough change to pay for the Xerox machine and Con Ed bills, on the day I visited Maglich, FEC was leasing its accelerator to RCA to bombard chemicals with heavy atoms.

Not being able to make migma in his

Jonathan Black last wrote for New Times *on the* Guinness Book of World Records.

Photographs by Jeff Perkell



Plasma vs. Migma: Is Tokamak (left) a white elephant, or migma a mouse that roars?

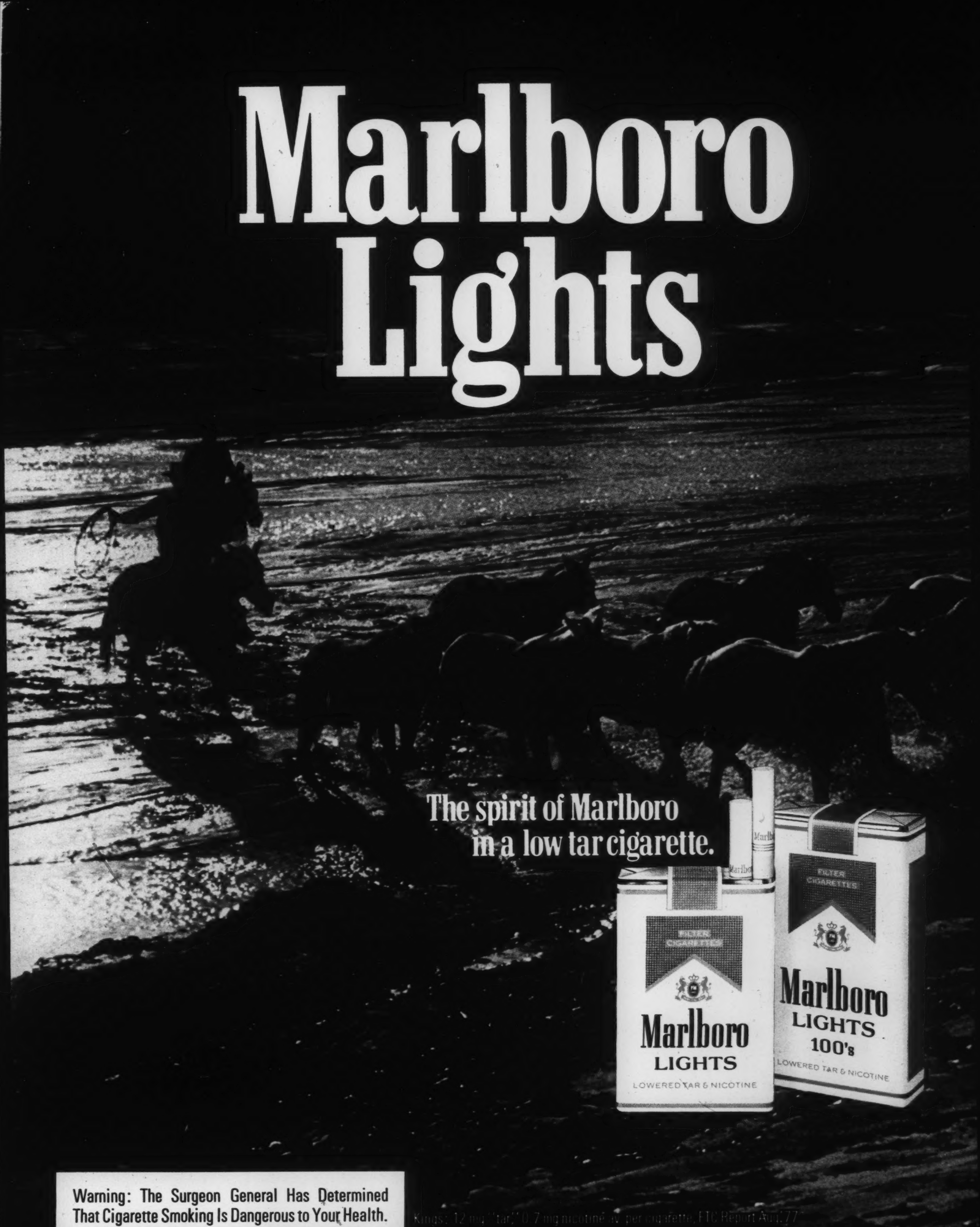
own basement is an acutely frustrating state of affairs for Maglich. "But what can you do? We have to contend with the establishment," he says as he slides a batch of Xeroxed documents down the table, then hurries back to his file cabinet. (I suddenly remember the plasma physicist who, after denouncing Maglich, dropped his voice and whispered: "I've also heard he takes Valium.") "Here's some introductory material. Here's the Russian story I mentioned to you on the phone," says Maglich, who hands me a "confidential" report revealing that the head of Russia's prestigious Kurchatov Institute of Atomic Energy was so embarrassed by news of migma that he begged the U.S. to control Maglich.

The intercom buzzes: It's the brother of New York Governor Hugh Carey, who is here today, hopefully to invest in FEC. Maglich has his secretary tell him he'll be out soon. "So far, no one has [showed anything to prevent] the scheme from working. Take a pencil, show me, what physics principles are violated?" Maglich hands me a report from Pacific Gas & Electric's C.P. Ashworth, who stated,"What we don't need from fusion is [more] huge complicated nuclear plants"; the report is followed by a drawing depicting the ingeniously compact one-meter-wide migma cell in stark contrast to the giant UMWAK-1 fusion reactor that almost engulfs the superimposed Great Pyramid of Cheops. Maglich pauses in front of his blackboard. "If controlled fusion means reaching the moon," he says, "then they are flying a propeller airplane one mile high. Because their research is guided more by *programs* than by discovery and innovation. It is like the Vietnam War. They [the establishment physicists] are saying, 'We are winning, we are winning! We just need more money.'" He starts toward the door to greet John Carey, then stops for a moment. "But already, you know, *they* are using a beam on their plasma. Of course *now* they find the beam drills holes in the walls of the device. It is disastrous," he says. "Tokamak will never work!"

Tokamak is not far away. Up the road from the Maglich headquarters, about three miles north on Route 1, sits Princeton's Forrestal Research facility, the major encampment of "they"—those fusion scientists distinctly *un*friendly to migma. This is the site of the Plasma Physics Laboratory (PPL), a huge sprawling complex that employs 1,250 people and is run with a $40 million annual budget. The object of all this money is Tokamak, officially the United States' brightest hope for achieving controlled fusion, a monstrous machine that makes the migma cell look like one of those cute gurgling contraptions from Willie Wonka's chocolate factory. And indeed, PPL's director, Dr. Mel Gottlieb, can barely control the scowl that clouds his face as he casts his eyes south in the general direction of FEC. Several times a month, for the benefit of journalists and congressmen, this immensely busy scientist must abandon his work and defend PPL against the 'inane' claims and 'ignorant' accusations of the man down the road. To physicists such as Gottlieb, Bogdan Maglich is like one of those nagging impurities that turn up in Tokamak's plasma and make life miserable.

Physicist Gottlieb:"Let the facts speak"

Two styles could hardly differ more. Maglich, who dresses nattily in sports jackets and trim slacks, is a stocky, dark man with the dynamic power and the aggressive instincts of a football halfback. Gottlieb is tall and ungainly, his wild gray hair sprouts as if he had just been struck by a bolt of lightning (particularly at the mention of Maglich), and the day I visited PPL he was wearing the physicist's *de rigueur* moth-eaten baggy gray sweater. He was not eager to discuss the neighboring scientist, and explained his reluctance with: "You know, there's a tradition in physics that you let the facts speak for themselves." Of course Bogdan Maglich would be the last person in the world to abide by such codes of decorum. "He is always attacking everyone else—*personally*. Yet he himself reacts *violently* to criticism," sighs Gottlieb, and painfully recounts the time not long ago when a top nuclear physicist—a kind, mild-mannered chap—politely pointed out that Maglich's injection beam would have to be considerably larger to maintain particle density. Abruptly, in front of his astonished peers, this eminent physicist found himself the hapless target of an 'abusive,vicious' assault. Says a genuinely perturbed Gottlieb: "Maglich wiped the floor with him."



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He's smooth. Light in manner. A good mixer. And—more.

Down deep, inside, where it counts, Ronrico has character. A fineness. The result of decades of distilling—and perfecting.

So for authentic rum of Puerto Rico, get to know Ronrico.

A well-bred fellow.

More infuriating still is Maglich's sly, slippery way of dealing with criticism of migma. Confront him with any flaw (no shortage there), and he instantly parries with some far-fetched gadget or scheme. "He's always claiming he has some new idea," grumbles Gottlieb. "He always says, 'I have a secret way of getting around that,' or 'I have a secret idea for solving that problem.'" Naturally, the world's top physicists lack both the time and inclination to disprove every migma rescue operation. But Maglich's "noise-making capabilities" have afforded him a disproportionately strong voice in Washington, where he's too often viewed—in Gottlieb's opinion—"as this poor persecuted man representing downtrodden private enterprise." Gottlieb knows better. He rises from his chair and spreads his arms imploringly. "No one else is building anything like migma. I ask you: Is he the smartest man in the world?" By way of a footnote, however, a nod to the courtesies of scientific convention, he adds, "May-be."

As Gottlieb and I start on a tour of PPL he is more than willing to put the exasperating Maglich out of mind and talk about Tokamak, which faces a thorny challenge. While it is relatively easy to produce fission in a non-explosive reactor, controlling fusion is much, much trickier. To get atoms to fuse they must be made to move extremely fast—in order to overcome the repellent positive charges of the atoms' nuclei. And to get atoms to move that fast they are most often heated. The major obstacle then becomes *confining* the very hot plasma. No metal, naturally, could withstand 100 million degrees (about four times hotter than the sun's interior), so the cooked plasma is confined magnetically. Most U.S. fusion efforts rely on various techniques of magnetic confinement, and the exotic names of the machines tend to reflect the esoterica. There's the Toroidal Z-pinch at Los Alamos, the Elmo Bumpy Torus at Oak Ridge, the Tandem and Mirror Fusion Test Facility at Lawrence Livermore and, absorbing 60 percent of all Department of Energy (DOE) funding, the Tokamaks. (Tokamak is actually an acronym of Russian words for toroidal magnetic chamber and is, in fact, a Russian concept). PPL has the recently completed Princeton Large Torus and has begun construction on the Big One: the Tokamak Fusion Test Reactor, known as "TFTR." Gottlieb is not the least bit embarrassed to be using a Soviet design, for the TFTR is closely related to the old Princeton C-Stellerator. Nor was TFTR's design snuck to the West in a Minox camera. Fusion research was declassified in 1958 (with the single exception of lasers, owing to their military use). PPL is entirely declassified, and not a single security guard appears as Gottlieb steers me through several vast rooms filled with videoscreens and computer consoles, then into the hangar-sized chamber: the home of Large Torus.

The Torus is non-operational this week, and at Gottlieb's urging I climb a rickety scaffold and then peer straight down into an awesome labyrinth of what looks like copper spaghetti. The larger magnetic coils—which comprise the "doughnut" shape of the vacuum—weigh upwards of 100 tons, and I think, somewhat fondly, of Maglich rushing about his small cluttered office, scribbling on his green blackboard the equation: Energy Output over Energy Input equals 3:1. A very modest energy gain, he quickly admitted. "And what is PPL's ratio?" Maglich had once demanded, promptly answering his own question: "Infinity! They like to talk about putting one watt in and getting 100 million watts out. Except now they put 100 million watts *in*—and get *one* watt out. They talk about infinite gain—instead they get infinite loss!"

Like many relationships with Migma Man, the affair with one physicist started amicably, and ended quite dramatically. "I was shown the door and kicked out. Like an unwelcome foreign body!"

When I climb down the scaffold I ask Gottlieb about Maglich's dire assessment. Again, it seems as if the power of migma has electrified his hair. He eventually controls himself and takes a deep breath. No one, of course, knows for sure if *any* machine will *ever* work. Not absolutely. But yes, Tokamak has an excellent chance, it is moving ahead, slowly but deliberately, step by step. "We're talking about steady, slow advances. We've already reached 26 million degrees. By 1981 we plan to reach breakeven." Breakeven is simply the point beyond which the amount of energy *out* (to heat the plasma) begins to surpass energy *in*. Since no fusion reactor has yet reached this magic plateau, the calculation for How and When remains an estimate. But Bogdan Maglich, I knew, had a few choice words to say about PPL's estimate. Somewhat cautiously I ask Gottlieb if PPL's calculation of breakeven might not be, uhm, incorrect? Hasn't Maglich said something about a terrible misinterpretation of the Lawson Criterion? I think I can see smoke coming out of Gottlieb's ears.

The Lawson Criterion is a complex but handy formula computed by British physicist J.D. Lawson in 1957 aimed at spelling out the prerequisites for achieving fusion breakeven. There are two variables: Ion Temperature and a product of Ion Density and Confinement Time. Generally, this is drawn on a graph with the two variables as horizontal and vertical coordinates; in the upper right-hand corner is the shaded target area of Controlled Fusion. Points representing the various fusion machines are sprinkled throughout the graph, plotted according to how hot they get their plasma and how long they keep it hot (not very long so far, maybe one millisecond).

Now Bogdan Maglich had the extraordinary temerity to sit down—with cohort Robert Miller—and *re-evaluate the Lawson Criterion*. What did he find? He found that, due to unmeasured "losses" in 18 terms of Lawson's equation, the Lawson Criterion was *itself* off by a huge factor. At least a factor of 100, figured M & M. In practical terms this meant: Instead of Tokamak requiring a temperature of 100 million degrees, a more accurate temperature for breakeven would be one *billion* degrees. But the worst was yet to come: Maglich and Miller had the additional nerve to compute and substitute for the Lawson Criterion their own "Generalized Criterion" (which appeared in a 1975 issue of *The Journal of Applied Physics*). Enraged and appalled at this shocking heresy, the mainline plasma community took prompt corrective steps and summoned its two biggest guns—Harold Furth of PPL and Marshall Rosenbluth of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study—to refute and dispose of the troublesome, wrongheaded Migma Men. Their subsequent "Comments" (*JAP*, 1976) was civil enough—its ostensible aim was "to put matters into the proper perspective"—but between the lines any outraged plasma loyalist could supply less technical vitriol: namely, that if Maglich had perhaps taken a few minutes to *read the literature*, if he had not been so obsessively embroiled in his own foolish research, chasing butterflies, as it were, then he would have *known*, as did everyone else, that old J.D.'s "back of the envelope" formula was never, *never* meant to be more than a *rough approximation*. It didn't take M & M long to fire a potent return salvo from FEC, a document with the baroque title "Reply to the Call for Further Revision of the Lawson Criterion," in which the 18 terms were vigorously defended and Furth and Rosenbluth attacked for their veiled subservience to Tokamak and insidious "double standard." To wit: One set of terms—the old Lawson Criterion—was used to create an optimistic impression for the general public; another standard, charged Maglich, was used when "they whisper among themselves."

"It should *never* have been published," says a distraught Gottlieb.

Quite the contrary, states Maglich, who feels victory is definitely his. He is quite delighted that plasma people now admit the Lawson Criterion to be only a rough approximation. Certainly he knows of no one who ever said so publicly before. "As soon as we enter the field," he smiles, "we have made a major contribution. That's quite an accomplishment, no?"

Emphatically *no*, wails Gottlieb. "If he were right, the whole world program [for fusion] would be wrong! It's incredible! He's all alone, he's just *wrong*." And what about Maglich's fabled trip to England, where Lawson supposedly greeted his brilliant revisionist with open arms? Gottlieb tugs at tufts of his hair: "Lawson wasn't a *giant*. He's just another guy working in the field. Maglich didn't go to Christ."

He may not have gone to Christ, but there was certainly the hope for a brush with divinity when, in 1928, Ivanka and Cveta Maglich named their first son Bogdan—which in Slavic means "God-Given." Both Bogdan's parents were well-educated: His mother held a degree in philosophy; his father, a lawyer, was responsible for coaxing his son into engineering. Not long after the A-Bomb exploded over Hiroshima, Maglich switched his field of study to physics, graduated from the University of Belgrade, got an M.S. from the University of Liverpool, England, and earned a prestigious Ph.D. at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1959 under the eminent nuclear physicist Bernard Feld (of Manhattan Project fame). That same year he joined the research staff of Dr. Luis Alvarez at the famed Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, and soon created a major stir over practically nothing: the omega meson.

Mesons are tiny sub-atomic particles that act like glue, holding the atomic nucleus together. Alvarez and company were hard at work refining detection techniques. In 1958 theorists had predicted the existence of a yet-unseen type of meson, the omega; and three years later Maglich—in the words of Alvarez—"had the thrill of seeing a bump appear in the side of his phase-space distribution." The years of painstaking work were fully rewarded, for project leader Alvarez won a Nobel Prize in 1968, and Maglich and three co-workers had received citations from President John F. Kennedy. With characteristic modesty, Maglich hailed his own discovery in the series of textbooks he edits, *Adventures in Experimental Physics*: "On a sunny July day in 1959, I reported my arrival at Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory . . . As I picked up my pass at the gate, I had no premonition that at midnight that night I would begin the work which, two years later, would result in the discovery of the first 'heavy photon'—the omega meson." Predictably, Maglich detractors are somewhat less moved by this milestone in the history of science. "He happened to be around when a meson was discovered," grouched one plasma physicist. "Nowadays, you know, they discover those particles every few *weeks*."

Whatever its ultimate place in history, it was the tiny omega meson that helped propel Maglich to CERN, the prestigious 12-nation organization for nuclear research in Geneva, Switzerland. There, with the aid of a clever device he helped invent called the missing-mass spectrometer, Maglich pursued his meson hunt and located four more elusive little bits of matter tagged R,S,T and U. His reputation as an inventor was also enhanced by the "acoustic spark chamber," an ingenious process by which nuclear reactions could be recorded via the sounds they made. Eventually Maglich returned to the U.S. and accepted a professorship at the University of Pennsylvania, where he first pondered the intriguing potential of self-

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colliding beams. In 1969 he was lured to nearby Rutgers University with the promise of National Science Foundation (NSF) funds, a lavish new physics building and the tempting position of Professor of Physics and principal investigator for elementary particle physics. Had the Rutgers' selection committee known what breed they had introduced into the good state of New Jersey, they might have shortened his title to a single word: Trouble.

Not that everything didn't begin auspiciously enough. Maglich immediately enriched Rutgers' treasury with about a quarter of a million dollars in NSF funds. He organized a high-level braintrust that started fiddling with self-colliding orbits in three dimensions. Following one Maglich lecture, Paul Dirac—the brilliant elder statesman of physics who helped formulate the concepts of antimatter and quantum physics—rushed up to Maglich and shouted: "This is an amazing thing you're proposing. It is not bombarding the target! It is not beams! It is something new, an entirely new field of physics!" Spurred on by such acclaim, and forcibly grounded at home due to a deep, nasty cut in his hand, Maglich spent several furious weeks engineering a test device and, using his unbandaged left hand, demonically scribbling 3-D migma orbits all over his blackboard. Long before doctors snipped off the bandage, Maglich put into patentable form a method for injecting the beam, a highly sophisticated beam-focusing process, a nuclear reaction that would breed its own fuel, plus a method for converting the produced fusion energy directly into electricity.

Most appealing, perhaps, was migma's promise of clean, nonradioactive fuels. All fusion devices relying on a heated plasma use two fuels: deuterium and tritium (called the D-T process). Deuterium is a common form of hydrogen abundantly present in seawater, cheap and harmless. The villain is radioactive tritium, an artificial isotope of hydrogen produced by bombarding lithium with "fast" neutrons. Migma eliminates tritium; it employs a D-D process. That means no radioactive fuel; hence no transportation hazards, no on-site contamination risks, no fear of radioactive leaks. In addition, the typical fusion reactor produces about 80 percent of its energy in the form of radioactive-inducing "fast" neutrons. These "energetic" neutrons must be trapped in a lithium blanket surrounding the reactor core, introducing the additional hazards of lithium—itself a highly flammable material. ("If liquid lithium could be avoided," said a recent article in *Science* magazine, "the potential for internally generated major accidents in fusion reactors would seem to be small.") The migma cell produced few dangerous neutrons, required no radioactive fuel and seemed to promise a cheap, safe, clean alternate energy source. And suddenly, as word of miraculous migma swept the New Brunswick campus, Maglich's lab was swamped with hordes of idealistic physics graduate students committed to clean lakes and blue skies. Equally thrilled was Rutgers' young and aggressive new president, Edward Bloustein, who complied with Maglich's request that a migma foundation be set up under Rutgers' auspices. It was the beginning—and end—of good will.

"No one else is building anything like migma. I ask you: Is Maglich the smartest man in the world?"

The Maglich version lays the ultimate split to petty jealousy, broken promises, ineptitude, and general ill will toward migma. Friction in the Physics Department began almost immediately, and rancor reached its high point two years later when Maglich uncovered a top-secret memo that urged a forthcoming Maglich lecture be disrupted with rude attacks on migma. (This masterplan to embarrass migma and destroy Maglich had been okayed by the chairman of the Physics Department, charged Maglich.) Rutgers, meanwhile, was dragging its feet—and had neither funded a migma lab nor set up the proposed foundation. Irritated, impatient and poor, Maglich privately incorporated the Fusion Energy Corporation (FEC) to help raise funds for the Rutgers migma lab, and interested old chum Roger Bonvin—soon to be president of Switzerland—who invited Maglich to schuss at his Alpine chalet and obligingly dug up a "promise" of $1.5 million.

Now it was Rutgers' turn to be peeved. Aware of the pending Swiss money (it never came), concerned with FEC's independence, they requested that Maglich formally assign his patent rights to the Rutgers foundation that Bloustein had finally established. Maglich refused, though he was willing to discuss royalties, and Rutgers petitioned the U.S. Patent Office to order the assignment. (Again, the Maglich version: Rutgers only concedes questioning his exclusive rights to the invention.) In fact, Maglich didn't *have* a patent. The Patent Office had rejected his application for a "Migma Fusion Reactor" on the grounds that fusion was not anticipated until at least 2000 A.D.—by which time Maglich's 17-year patent would have long since lapsed. Another dose of frustration and irony was being dealt Maglich by the National Science Foundation, which in early 1973 rejected a $635,000 proposal for migma funding and simultaneously requested an equity right in migma—thus commencing the first skirmish in the Battle of the Bandaged Hand. It was NSF's contention that it had provided seed money for developing migma; it was Maglich's view that all the crucial work had been done with his own money on his own time while he was at home recuperating from his injured right hand.

Meanwhile, Maglich got the first of many cold shoulders from the government. The Atomic Energy Commission turned down his proposal for migma funding with the phrase, "Interesting . . . but highly speculative." To no avail did Maglich grumble that AEC was currently doling out hundreds of millions of dollars to other fusion efforts. To no avail did Maglich complain that migma had been sabotaged by self-interested plasma loyalists. Indeed, this impossibility of a fair, unbiased evaluation of migma by the Plasma Powers That Be would become a familiar Maglich gripe over the next few years, and would in turn generate another of those frustrating vicious circles that seemed to plague Maglich: Deprived of government funds, FEC was forced to rely on private money, but private investors were wary of backing migma since it lacked official government sanction. In the midst of these travails, a new Physics Department chairman, Harold Zapolsky, arrived at Rutgers, and relations between Rutgers and Maglich nose-dived. The last straw was apparently Zapolsky's refusal to bolster the physics curriculum with separate courses on migma. The man was clearly a migma enemy. It was time to move on.

Maglich spotted a billboard on Route 1 advertising lab space, a circumstance that drew Migma Man into his first locked combat with arch nemesis Mel Gottlieb. For the advertised lab space was none other than the old site of the Princeton-Penn accelerator at the Forrestal Research Campus. As Maglich tells the story, he arrived at Forrestal with plenty of money and plenty of credentials—and Gottlieb's peremptory denial of an FEC lease perfectly exemplified the biased, egoistic manipulations of the plasma people. As Gottlieb recounts the episode, it merely demonstrated Maglich's inability to see that sharing space would only *confuse* their separate programs. Here, full-blown, was the fabled Maglich paranoia. Shrugs Gottlieb: "He feels I'm one of the crosses he bears."

Ejected from Eden, Maglich and FEC took up their present Princeton headquarters at the former American Cyanamid complex, where penicillin was first produced and which now bears the sign "FEC: Building Number 5" (buildings one through four do not appear to exist). Sitting so prominently on Route 1—not far from the Holiday Inn—might have seemed tacky, but it also had its advantages. Dr. Phillips Bradford, then a Merrill Lynch investment analyst already aware of migma, was doubly intrigued to find FEC so prominently advertised near his home. Eventually Bradford hooked up Maglich with a Merrill Lynch vice-president who in turn arranged a meeting with a man capable of floating not only FEC but also the entire state of New Jersey: the Most Honorable Prince Mohamed al-Faisal of Saudi Arabia. The prince was interested to hear about migma. He was in the midst of planning a "Scientific City" to be built around multi-billion-dollar desalinization plants. All energy sources were being explored.

Certainly migma sounded intriguing, and Maglich was courteously invited to visit the prince at a New York City apartment, where al-Faisal was most gratified to peruse the report of a blue-chip panel of 13 noted engineers and scientists convened by Maglich earlier that year to present a fair, unbiased evaluation of migma. The report's partial conclusion: "The migma program is an ingenious idea. . . . We see no fatal flaw in the proposal, we see nothing at present to prevent the scheme from working." Nor did the prince see anything to prevent it from working—certainly not money—and Maglich departed the apartment that historic Thanksgiving Eve with the promise of $50 million. During their next meeting the prince handed Maglich a check for $1.5 million. It was only a gesture, Faisal assured him. The rest would follow soon.

It hasn't yet, however. Thanks to the villainy of a certain physicist hired by the prince, Faisal now appears to be paying only the upkeep at FEC. Like many relationships with Migma Man, the affair with the physicist commenced amicably, took a turn for the worse over the issue of particle density, plummeted when Maglich accused the man of spying for plasma and ended, in the words of the physicist, quite dramatically. "I was shown the door and kicked out. Like an unwelcome foreign body." According to the unwelcome foreign body, Maglich never did answer several key questions raised about migma and passed on to Faisal.

According to Bradford, the loss of Saudi Arabian money was due less to flaws in migma than it was to the abrasive Maglich personality. "He's one of those rare genius-type inventors who just doesn't conform to the business community," shrugs Bradford. "He's paranoid, very proprietary and very suspicious. He thinks he's the reincarnation of Tesla." (Nikola Tesla being the brilliant Yugoslav who invented the AC motor and then—so legend goes—was duped by George Westinghouse into selling his million-dollar patent for a song.) The physicist also imagines Maglich thinks himself Tesla, though he finds the association somewhat ironic since Maglich would appear to be less than scrupulous himself in acknowledging borrowed ideas. Migma, after all, has been around for some time. For proof he shuffles over to his file cabinet and returns with a 1962 document that includes several drawings from the Oak Ridge DCX fusion machine. One of the illustrations shows intricate rosette patterns quite similar to migma. "Show him this drawing," says the man, dropping his voice, "and he'll *explode*."

"If controlled fusion means reaching the moon," says Maglich, "then the plasma physicists are flying a prop airplane one mile high"

To the contrary, Maglich seems quite prepared for this news bulletin that migma is familiar stuff. In fact, Maglich *volunteers* that the Oak Ridge machine turned up migma configurations. Why the ready admission? Because in Maglich's view DCX helps confirm migma's marvelous properties. Like most fusion machines, DCX had been plagued with that old bugaboo "instability"—until, according to Maglich, "they made migma." Miraculously, the instability disappeared. Twice this happened: a phenomenon explained by migma's unique capacity for digging what Maglich terms a "Magnetic Well." Indeed, the Magic Maglich Well is also used to silence those migma skeptics who predict an unstable mess when particle density is increased in the migma cell. No problem, promises Maglich: "The higher the density, the *more* stable." Why then, one asks, with the fortuitous appearance of migma, were the DCX experiments discontinued? "It beats me," replies Maglich, and likens the premature shutdown of DCX to Magellan's trip around Africa. Just two miles before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, he gave up and dropped anchor for the winter. "If they had pursued DCX," says Maglich, "we would have controlled fusion today."

The fact that we don't have controlled fusion today—and won't for quite some time—is perhaps Maglich's most compelling argument for giving migma a chance. And Maglich is far from alone in questioning the goals and specific direction of current U.S. fusion policy. Writing in the 1976 *Annual Review of Energy*, Richard Post of Lawrence Livermore laboratory asks, "Will the fusion reactors of the future be the direct descendants of the present mainline approaches? . . . the entire program would be well advised to keep a close watch on its dark horses, those as-yet-unproved new ideas . . . that give promise of by-passing the problems of the mainline approaches." More recently, the April 14 issue of *Science* featured an exhaustive analysis and re-cap of fusion by John Holdren (also of Lawrence Livermore), who had several disparaging words to say about Tokamaks and quite a few encouraging words for "pursuing approaches that can work in small sizes."

Thus while the notion of a "migma in every basement"—as Gottlieb refers to it—has been hilariously ridiculed, in fact Maglich appears to be on the right track with Smaller Is Better. Few people want reactors as big as pyramids (not that all plasma machines are as huge as Maglich warns), nor does anyone want vast inventories of scary tritium. So Maglich is doing all he can to stress the modest size and goal of the migma cell. He has switched its category from fusion "reactor" to fusion "power amplifier," and now calls migma an "interim" power source. He has even trimmed his funding proposals from $66 million to a request for a mere $2.5 million from the Department of Energy. As he pointed out to Faisal the other day, when the prince stopped by FEC for a friendly visit: "You can become a millionaire on the stock market just by making 10 percent on your investment."

But don't be fooled: If the world is to be assured a safe, clean, inexhaustible energy source for the upcoming centuries, then Migma Man has his work cut out for him. A lethal blow must be struck against the Plasma Powers in Washington who would sabotage migma with scheming and double talk. Tokamak must be exposed for the white elephant that it is. A swift strike must be made against those evil revisionists and quitters who would usurp fusion and create a *mixed* fusion-fission reactor. Perhaps another pilgrimage to old J.D. Lawson is in order, to again demonstrate the invalidity of the 18 Terms. Certainly the holy war must not be dropped against Rutgers, which continues to press for patent or royalty rights on migma. And somehow, somewhere, Migma Man must locate a Capitalist Who Cares, bring him to FEC, show him the film, show him the sign outside Maglich's office—"We are Going to Light a Star on Earth for You"—maybe even show him Jimmy Carter's Christmas card . . . and then get him to turn out his pockets. ●

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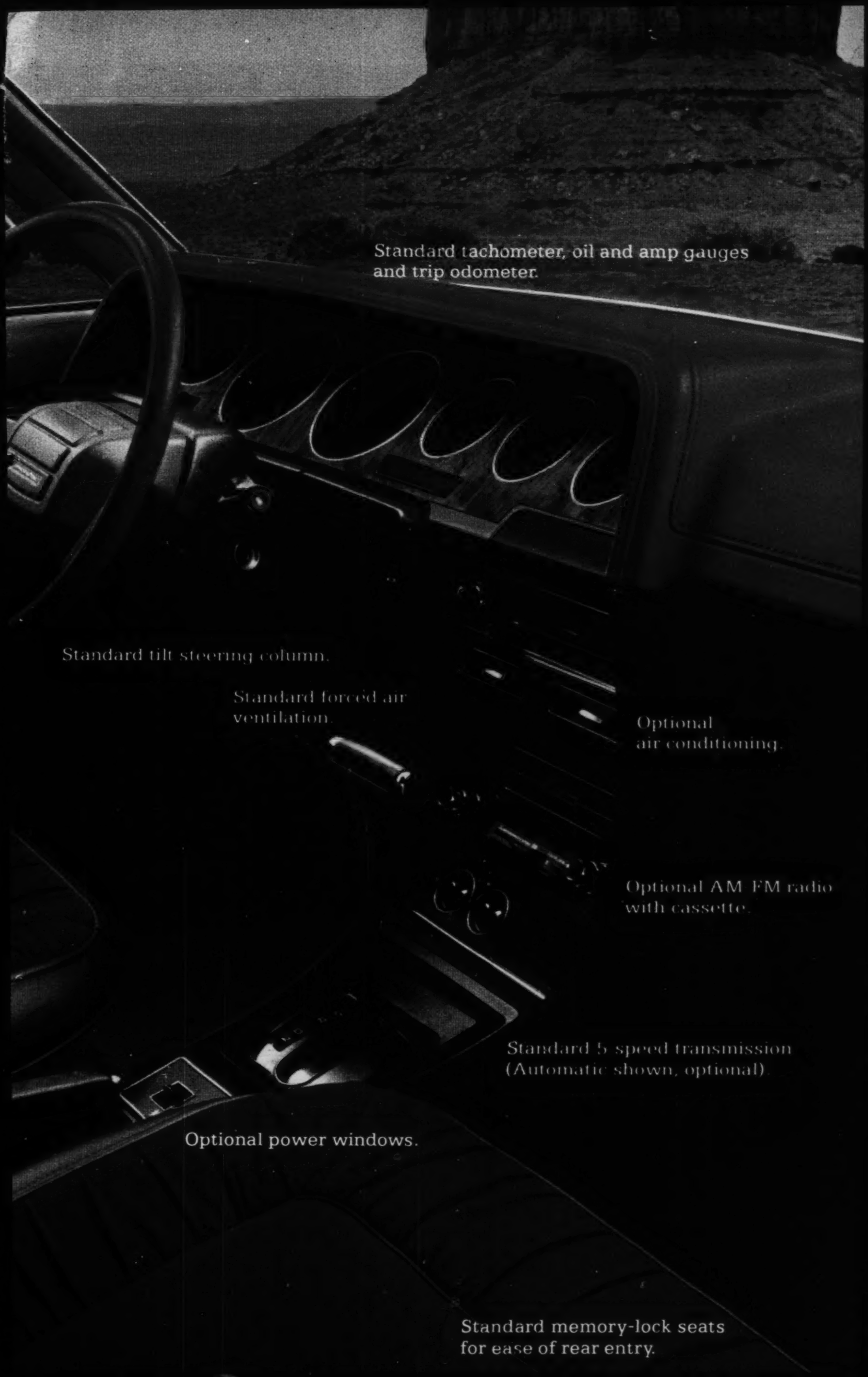

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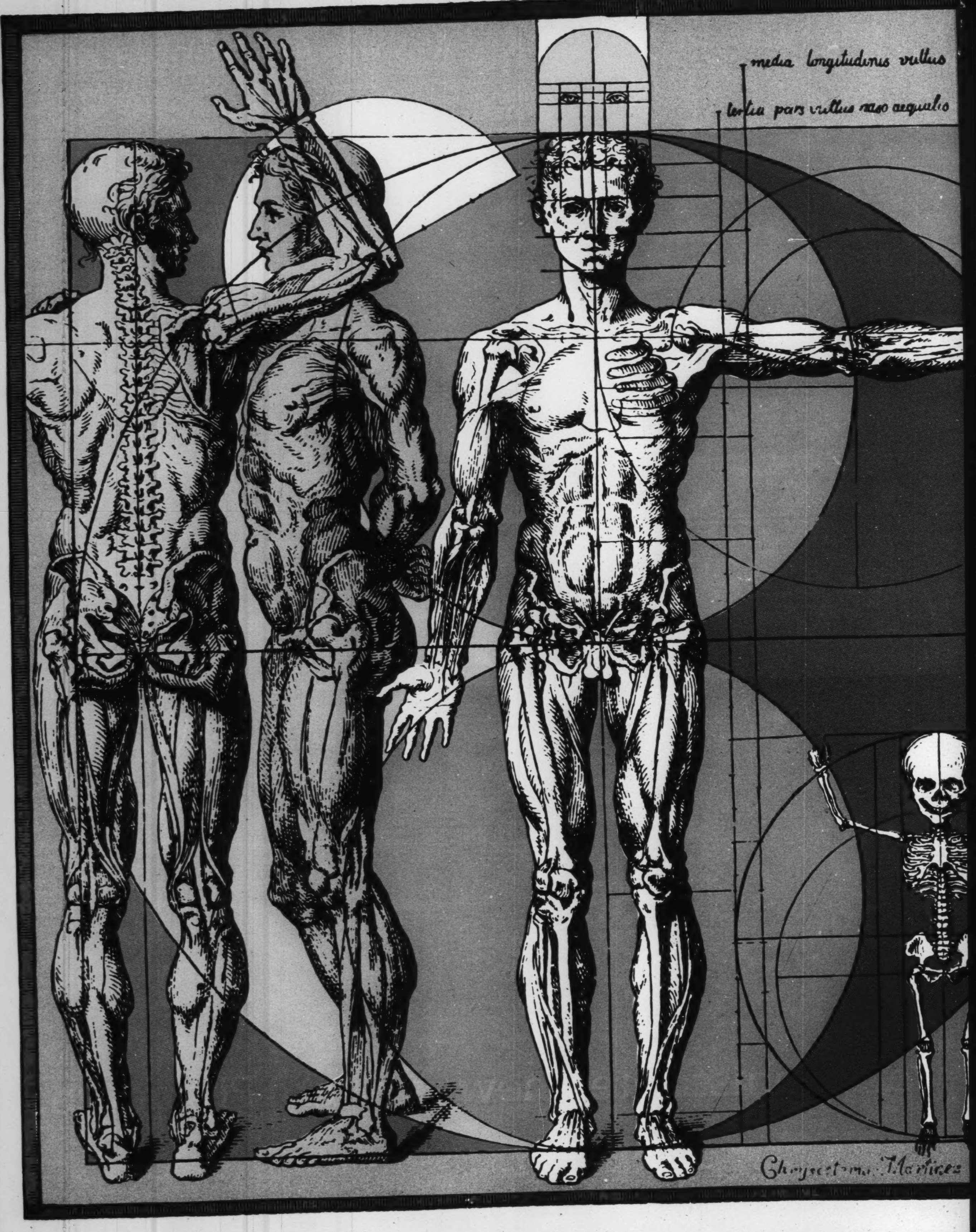
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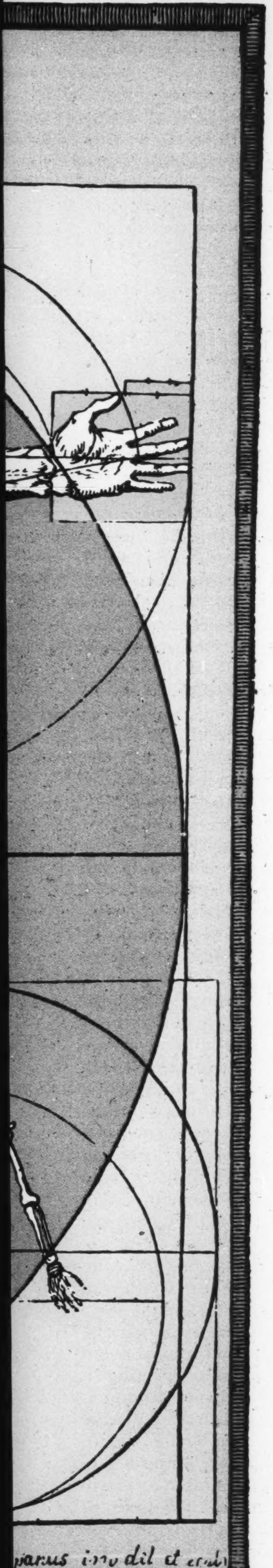


THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The Body's Inner Voices

For years biofeedback techniques have been helping people conquer disease. But only recently has the medical community acknowledged "mind over matter" as the ultimate cure-all

by Ruth Rosenbaum

Electronic zen. Instant analysis. Lose weight, gain confidence, improve your sex life...

Five years ago, biofeedback was still in the hands of self-proclaimed gurus toting crude little "brain wave" feedback machines and lots of promises, wresting the spotlight from the field's serious researchers. But now it has surpassed even the fad mongers' claims—hospitals, clinics, private physicians and therapists are using the most sophisticated electronic equipment.

"Probably no discovery in medicine or psychology compares in breadth of application or in scope of implications to the biofeedback phenomenon," says Dr. Barbara Brown, pioneer biofeedback researcher formerly associated with the UCLA Medical School. "It's the most important concept in the history of the planet," raves Dr. Lester Fehmi, another veteran researcher, affiliated with the Princeton, New Jersey, medical center.

In the past few years, thousands of people have overcome serious disease conditions, often after all conventional methods failed, simply by learning, with the aid of various types of biofeedback, that they can choose healthy internal reactions over sick ones. Epilepsy, phobias, cardiac arrhythmias, stroke-induced paralysis, drug addiction, cerebral palsy, Bell's palsy, Raynaud's disease, hypertension, paraplegia, asthma and migraine headaches are among the conditions alleviated or cured through biofeedback training. Sometimes drugs can be reduced or eliminated; and in some cases, as in Raynaud's disease and certain neurological disorders, surgery can be avoided.

Spectacular as its therapeutic effects may be, biofeedback is not a treatment at all but rather a learning process based on the same principle of deep relaxation which underlies the practice of yoga, TM and their Western parallels, Jacobson's Progressive Relaxation and Luthe's Autogenic Training. According to Dr. Alyce Green of the Menninger Foundation (Topeka, Kansas), who with her husband, Dr. Elmer Green, has done much of the ground-breaking experimental and clinical work in the field: "Biofeedback instruments are just

Tuning In: A Menninger researcher measures a subject's Alpha waves

sophisticated mirrors that show us how we are doing when we try to make certain changes; and when we know how to make the changes we don't need the mirrors anymore."

In most biofeedback training sessions, the subject listens to tape-recorded relaxation instructions derived from, for example, autogenic training, at the same time that he is being given auditory or visual feedback about what is happening to one or more functions such as heart rate, skin temperature, muscle tension. Gradually he becomes aware of states of mind, attitudes or thoughts associated with changes in these functions, and can summon them forth at will without the machine.

Certain cultures seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the relationship between health and the regular practice of true physiological relaxation. Experienced yogis, for example, attain a level of mind-body coordination through meditation (Maharishi Mahesh Yogi reportedly calls it "super health") that makes it possible for them to perform such feats as walking on hot coals and remaining buried alive for extended periods of time. When yogis have been monitored in labs, it appears that their internal functions reflect a state of homeostasis in which muscular tensions are released, hormonal activity balanced, circulatory function stabilized and neural pathways freed of distracting residual messages.

Spectacular as its therapeutic effects may be, biofeedback is not a treatment at all, but rather a learning process

Many long-lived populations, often termed "primitive" by Western observers, also perform daily rituals that result in a highly sophisticated link between conscious and subconscious biological activity. The inhabitants of the Hunza Valley in Pakistan, for example, are noted for their vigorous long lives, free from cancer and other degenerative diseases. While this is popularly attributed to all the apricot pits they eat, Barbara Brown suggests it might be due to another cultural habit: Several times a day, a Hunzan, even a very young one, will stop wherever he is, sit for 10 or 15 minutes, deeply relaxed, then rise and go about his business.

In our culture, the tradition is to be deaf to our biological activity until it becomes a screaming symptom like a headache or muscle spasm, and then to shut it up immediately with aspirin or tranquilizers.

With beeps and whining tones, or flashing lights, biofeedback instruments help you learn not only how to listen to the activity of your heart, blood vessels, brain cells and nerve fibers, but also to talk back and order them to slow down, speed up, dilate or constrict at will—to voluntarily control functions labeled for us since grade school as "involuntary."

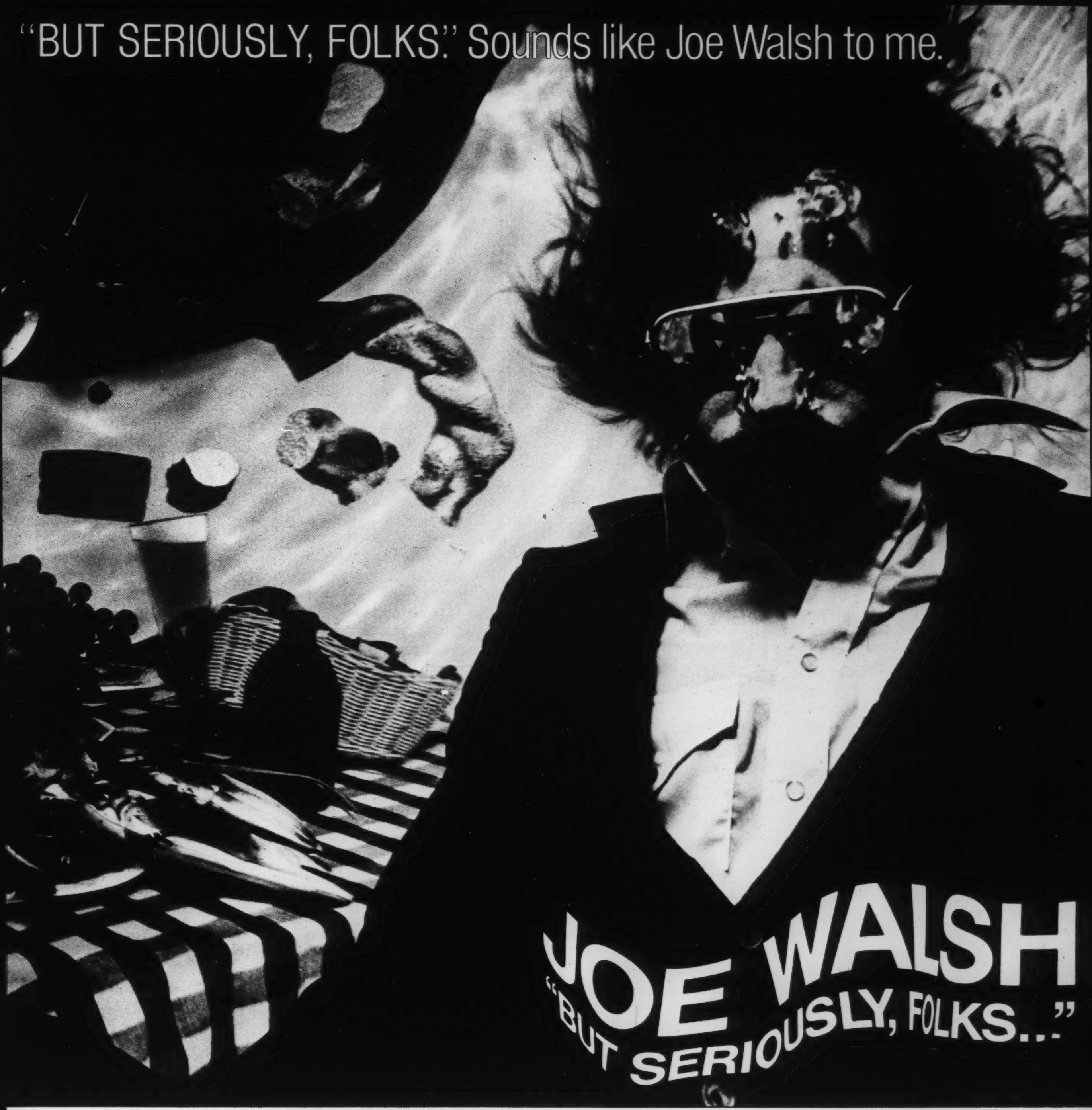
"We are now able to regard the activities of internal organs as behavior in the same sense that the movements of our hands and fingers are behavior," said Dr. Neal Miller of Rockefeller University, one of the first to challenge the traditional classification of voluntary and involuntary systems.

Just how refined a conversation you can have with yourself was demonstrated by Dr. John Basmajian in an early biofeedback experiment (1963). He fed back to his subjects the sound of the firing rhythms of various nerve-muscle cells (motor units) in the spinal cord. After only 15 to 20 minutes of "observation time"—during which subjects came to recognize and "name" individual motor units as they fired—Dr. Basmajian could call for a particular cell by name, "Charlie" or "Morris," say, and the subjects were able to "play" the rhythm of that cell alone, suppressing all others.

If the mind can exert such specific influence over a minute physical event by becoming aware of it and "locating" it on some level of consciousness, then it is not surprising that health and disease may be entirely subject to "will power."

For some people, overcoming a lifelong ailment can be as simple as learning to control a single set of muscles or the small blood vessels in the hand, even though these may seem entirely unrelated to their particular symptoms. Dr. Elmer Green of the Menninger Founda-

Photo courtesy of The Menninger Foundation


"BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS." Sounds like Joe Walsh to me.
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Underneath it all, Joe Walsh is a great guy.
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JOE WALSH "BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS"
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tion discovered in the late sixties that subjects could overcome chronic migraine headaches by learning to raise their hand temperature (indicating blood vessel dilation and general relaxation) by watching a meter indicating the changing temperature as measured by a monitor attached to the finger. (Usually, feedback is in the form of a whining tone, whose pitch varies along with changes in the function being measured.)

"It appears," explains Alyce Green, "that the entire vascular system of the body tends to rebalance in response to hand temperature training, so the correction of the vascular dysfunction in the head [migraine] is a 'side effect' of a general normalizing process." (Migraines are thought to result from abnormal variances in cerebral blood vessel constriction and dilation.)

Feedback helps the patient identify the subtle feelings associated with the period before the onset of a migraine, so that he can ward it off voluntarily by relaxing and raising his hand temperature.

A dramatic example of the effects of generalizing the relaxation response emerged from a recent experiment at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, conducted by psychiatrist Kenneth Greenspan, director of the Laboratory and Center for Stress-Related Disorders. Six patients with peripheral vascular disease, who could walk an average of only three blocks after at least two years of conventional treatment, were asked to participate in relaxation training sessions three times a week, during which they received feedback of hand and foot temperature as well as forehead and calf muscle tension. After three months, five of the six could walk at least a mile with no pain, and had a lower blood pressure and heart rate after their walk than they'd had in rest position prior to the training.

Other developments in the field indicate that the more specific the information supplied to the mind about a biological process, the more rapid and efficient it is in controlling it. Dr. Keith Sedlacek of St. Luke's Hospital in New York has been working with women who suffer severe menstrual pain, some of whose lives have been totally disrupted each month for years because of their symptoms. Dr. Sedlacek observed that a 30-to-60 percent success rate with hand temperature training alone rose to 80 percent when combined with vaginal temperature feedback. For the latter, the patient inserts a thermometer that is attached to a feedback device into the vagina close to the uterus, and then proceeds with the usual relaxation exercises. Dilation of blood vessels in and around the uterus (signaled by increasing temperature) indicates general relaxation and relief from the local congestion usually cited as a factor in dysmenorrhea. One of Sedlacek's patients, who'd suffered nausea, vomiting and terrible cramps every month since she was 12, described the effect of the vaginal feedback: "It was like finding the missing link; I knew I was producing a lot of pain unnecessarily, but I'd never been able to get in contact with the source of it to turn it off."

It appears as if every function that can be measured, monitored, fed back or in some way brought to the mind's attention can be brought under voluntary control

For sufferers of neuromuscular disorders—paraplegia, palsy and paralysis resulting from spinal cord injuries and stroke—biofeedback, before it was known as such, was providing the missing link as early as the 1950s. After hooking the patient up to an electromyograph (EMG), which monitors muscle tension at specific sites with surface or needle electrodes, a therapist contracts the disturbed or paralyzed muscle for the patient, who can then watch the internal activity displayed on an oscilloscope. Gradually he develops, or becomes aware of, an alternate neural pathway that enables him to make the same movement as did the pathway disrupted in the accident or stroke.

"Remember," says Dr. Basmajian, who has worked with stroke patients for several years, "we're not teaching them anything new; we're getting them to become aware of already existing neural pathways that had been lying dormant and that can be used. We all have a surplus of nerve fibers which we don't use but probably could." Working with people with footdrop—a frequent consequence of stroke in which there is no control over muscles in the foot—Basmajian has found that nearly two thirds of the patients who've already exhausted all conventional rehabilitation efforts can walk without the aid of a brace after only five or six weeks of EMG training.

It appears as if every function that can be measured, monitored, fed back or in some way brought to the mind's attention can be brought under voluntary control.

- Experiments with ulcer patients show that they can learn to control gastric acid secretion by swallowing a pH electrode connected to a biofeedback machine.
- Epilepsy patients have learned to block seizures by producing a certain brainwave pattern called SMR (sensory motor rhythm), which was accidentally discovered by physiologist M. Barry Sterman in the course of testing a rocket fuel on cats for its convulsive effects.
- At Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco, emphysema patients are learning to breathe slowly and deeply through direct feedback of their respiration rate.
- For some people with problems in sexual functioning, specific feedback may be necessary if general relaxation fails. A penile strain gauge attached to a feedback device has been used with success in cases of impotence; and for women who have difficulty achieving orgasm, learning to control the tension of certain internal pelvic muscles through EMG feedback has been helpful.
- Biofeedback may provide a new sort of birth control—men can be trained to raise scrotal temperature to a point where sperm cannot survive.
- Dr. Bernard Engel of the National Institute of Health's Gerontology Research Center in Baltimore reported in 1975 that subjects can learn to control the shape of a wave representing a small component of a heartbeat, by watching a display of their electrocardiogram (EKG) and willing a change.
- Very precise biofeedback devices have helped save people from such socially crippling ailments as fecal incontinence and spastic colon. For the former, the patient learns to control sphincter pressure through feedback from balloons positioned at external and internal anal sphincters. For the latter, an electronic stethoscope placed on the patient's abdomen amplifies the sound of peristaltic activity, which is then played back to him on a loudspeaker. Some patients who have used this technique to date have been able to voluntarily control intestinal movement and overcome their problem after only five training sessions of a half-hour each.

"We have scarcely scratched the surface of what could be done with biofeedback," Dr. Brown says emphatically. "Already what we have learned about the mind's capacity to manipulate both the body and itself—to initiate a neural process, feed back on it and change it en route—indicates that sickness need not be an inevitable part of human life." Most diseases, she says, result from an intellectual, not a physical, dysfunction; a failure to distinguish mentally between different kinds of stress.

The autonomic nervous system, which controls visceral organs, heart, blood vessels, glands and smooth muscle and which is defined in science ency-

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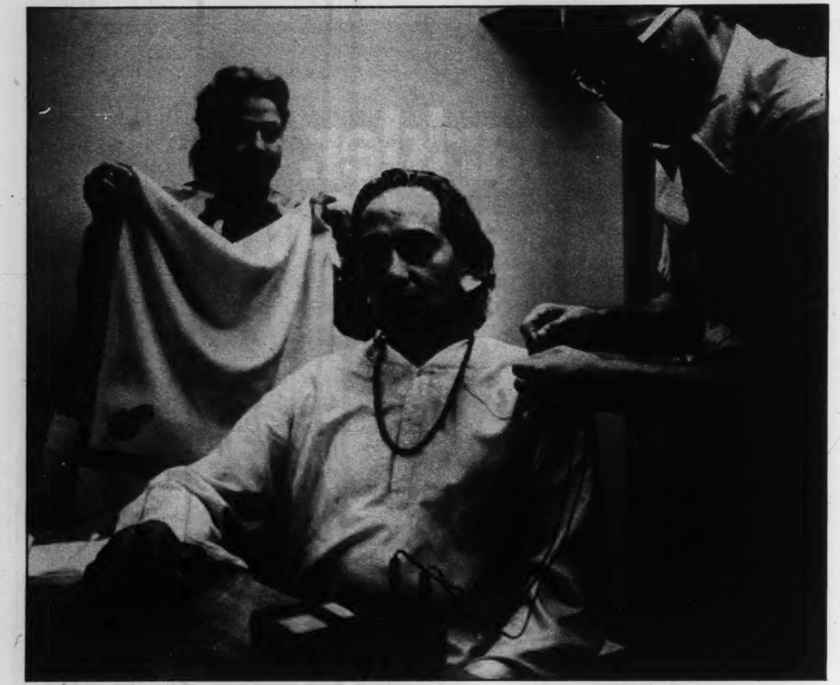

Hello Earth: A swami prepares to monitor his own skin temperature

clopedias as "not under voluntary control," consists of two nerve networks: the sympathetic and the parasympathetic. Each network elicits opposite responses from the organs, glands and muscles it services and, under normal conditions, the two are balanced. The sympathetic system's main function is to prepare the body for fight or flight when there is an immediate threat of assault. Feelings of fear and anger increase adrenaline production, which in turn constricts blood vessels, raises blood pressure, heart rate and muscle tension, and causes many chemical and hormonal changes to take place, all directed toward optimizing physical strength and dexterity. Our ancestors probably had a lot of use for this system, hunting for their food and dodging saber-toothed tigers. But in the case of most modern stresses, which are not matters of physical survival, the fight or flight response is inappropriate and harmful. Suppose you hate your boss, but want to keep your job. Neither fight nor flight will get you anywhere. But your mind, not knowing any better, not aware it can choose to program this information as a purely "social" stress into the parasympathetic system (which lowers heart rate, blood pressure and muscle tension), turns on the sympathetic system full force and you have a headache by the time you reach the office each day.

"We've been reduced to animal mechanisms to fight modern social stresses. It's ridiculous!" says Dr. Brown. And then we compound it with the uniquely human ability to symbolize. Because images evoke physical responses often stronger than the real thing, the sympathetic system may be aroused each time you are reminded of your job or your boss, even on a subconscious level. (To see how easily thought-images trigger physiological responses, try imagining biting into a very sour lemon, or that something sharp is moving toward your eyes.) Since most of us face innumerable social stresses that we perceive on some level as threats to our security—relationships, inflation, heavy traffic—and since the environment is full of sensory triggers of past, present and anticipated stresses, our sympathetic networks are continuously activated, while we lose touch entirely with the parasympathetic. Eventually a new level of homeostasis is achieved, an unhealthy one, characterized by overworked adrenal exhaustion, hormonal imbalances, immune-system malfunctioning, chronic muscle tension, vasoconstriction. The results could range from general fatigue and subclinical aches and pains to infectious diseases, cancer and some of the more serious ailments discussed here.

Biofeedback, yoga, transcendental meditation, progressive relaxation and autogenic training can reestablish mental awareness of the parasympathetic nervous system.

"If any of the relaxation techniques were used from early childhood, we'd see a tremendous drop in disease incidence in this country," says Dr. Keith Sedlacek. But school children are still taught that there is a voluntary and an involuntary nervous system and that they are helpless to effect a change in anything under the involuntary system's control. And, judging from a 1976 NATO conference on biofeedback and behavior, the scientific community in general refuses to see any potential in biofeedback other than as another "technical tool which would have to prove itself in competition with other tools." Jackson Beatty of the University of California in Los Angeles, director of the conference, expressed the consensus: "The early hopes that biofeedback would produce major scientific and clinical breakthroughs have not been fulfilled. . . ."

Obviously biofeedback is a threat, not just to medicine the way it is now practiced, but to the foundation of this century's approach to the science of human behavior. It has invited into the scientific foreground notions such as will, mind over matter, and biological self-regulation—notions once safely locked into association with occultism and pop psychology cults. As Dr. Elmer Green explains, "Volition has been an existential embarrassment to scientists for about three generations . . ." During this time Pavlov and Skinner reigned supreme—the human mind, along with its emotions and personality, was still defined and studied as if its activities were solely a result of biochemical processes and mechanisms that we share with animals. The evidence from biofeedback experiments demonstrates the reverse—the mind can define and dictate the state of the body.

Regarded with suspicion is the feedback of the activity of the brain, the assumed seat of emotion, will and other taboo intangibles.

One of the first to demonstrate that people could voluntarily control brain wave frequency was Dr. Joe Kamiya of San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute. Kamiya is still routinely denounced by some for having set off the public alpha craze with a "premature" *Psychology Today* article (1968) in which he wrote an honest and enthusiastic account of what he'd found to date—that there was a relation between increased alpha production, anxiety reduction and the experience of a meditative state. (Alpha waves, with a frequency of 8 to 12 cycles per second, are one of the recognized brain wave groups; beta, 15 to 30 cycles per second, is associated with an eyes-open, problem-solving attentiveness; theta, 4 to 7 cycles per second, generally increases just before sleep; and delta, 1 to 3 cycles per second, is predominant during very deep sleep.)

Immediately after Kamiya's article, alpha waves swept the West Coast. With the press on hand, excited researchers ran electric trains and raced model cars driven by their own alpha power, and

Photos courtesy of The Menninger Foundation

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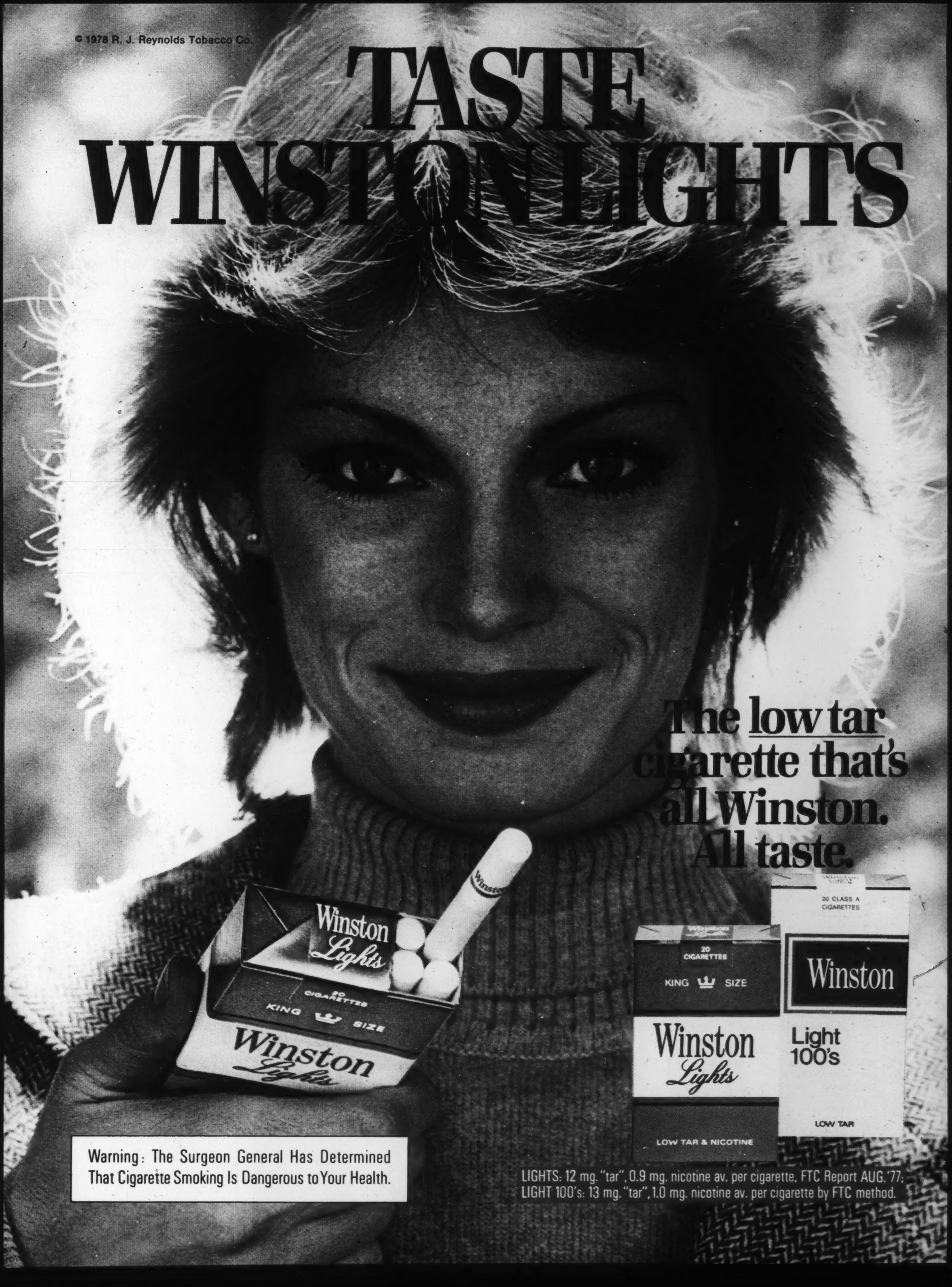
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of lime.

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lemon peel. Pour on ginge

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Fill glass with ginger ale.

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Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

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monitored brain waves of imported yogis and superpeople. They found that just as Jack Schwarz (a self-taught Dutch master of self-control) stuck a filthy needle through his arm with no ill effects, and just as Swami Rama went into a meditative trance, their alpha production increased.

It wasn't long before some 60 companies had sprung up (mostly on the West Coast) selling cheap machines to aspiring artists seeking instant creativity, salesmen in need of persuasive charisma, and hippies who'd toss aside their joints, cover their eyes with sliced Ping-Pong balls and hook up to the machines for an "alpha high."

> **"We've been reduced to animal mechanisms to fight modern social stresses. It's ridiculous!"**

"It was a very unfortunate situation," Dr. Kamiya explained. "Suddenly there was no research money available for biofeedback. It gave the entire field a black eye. There were people saying 'Hey, I do biofeedback training' who were using machines that couldn't distinguish an alpha wave from a scalp twitch."

Though Dr. Kamiya calls some of his earlier statements about the alpha experience "simple-minded," he disagrees with the recent trend to "discredit it completely. People are saying there's no value at all."

Dr. Thomas Mulholland, a biofeedback researcher at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Bedford, Massachusetts, claims that change in alpha production is merely a function of visual attention.

"Close your eyes while flying a plane for the first time—you may produce a lot of alpha, but you won't be relaxed," Dr. Mulholland explained.

While visual attention is definitely a factor affecting alpha production—no matter how much alpha you produce, it almost always increases when you close your eyes—it does not appear to be the only one. It has even been shown, as reported in a 1971 *Science* article, that eyeless patients varied their alpha production depending on their mental focus—increasing it when they were alert but not focusing on anything in particular, decreasing it when they were performing difficult mental tasks.

In general, alpha feedback, like other forms of feedback, increases awareness of internal biological activity and the ability to control it. Much has been learned since the early simplifications relating alpha production directly to a meditative state. There is no absolute percentage of alpha indicative of creativity or relaxation—it's all relative to the individual's baseline EEG. And about 15 percent of people produce no alpha at all.

One of the few clinicians using alpha biofeedback is Dr. Lester Fehmi of Princeton, New Jersey. His is probably the most sophisticated brain-wave feedback equipment used clinically, recording frequency and amplitude from five lobes of the brain. Though he might monitor a client's EMG, heart rate or hand temperature as well, Dr. Fehmi feels brain-wave training affords a "more general, profound type of relaxation," and for the cost and time involved "has a greater effect on personality and attentional flexibility." His clients use alpha feedback in a centering, integrative process which Fehmi developed, called Open Focus. The alert, observant but nonjudgmental state of Open Focus coincides in most people with the production of large-amplitude, synchronous alpha waves. (Amplitude and synchrony are perhaps more important than frequency in brain-wave training for altered mental states.) It's useful for positive self-programming, since ego defenses and habitual reactions are reduced.

"I'm even more excited about this than I was when I started ten years ago," says Fehmi. "Except for the person who gains from his sickness, who has arranged it in his life to his advantage, everyone can benefit.... The body just needs to be reminded what it's like to respond in a healthy manner; the pathways are there. I'm convinced that with biofeedback you're learning what you already know."

One of his patients was a 15-year veteran of psychiatric hospitals, heavy medication and electroshock. Unable to finish a sentence, in a state of acute mental confusion, this woman had been labeled by a state agency "a moron, untreatable and of subnormal intelligence." After two months of twice-weekly EEG sessions and daily home practice of the Open Focus exercise, she was off medication, verbally proficient, working full-time and taking night business courses.

There are many reports of psychological breakthroughs achieved through EEG feedback. A victim of agoraphobia, who'd undergone traditional therapy for years in vain, was able, after three months of EEG feedback at a New York clinic, to get a job and go places by himself. Alpha feedback has been used successfully in some prisons along with behavior modification, and in drug centers for heroin withdrawal.

And then there's the alpha underground—a few serious researchers beginning to crack the physiological code

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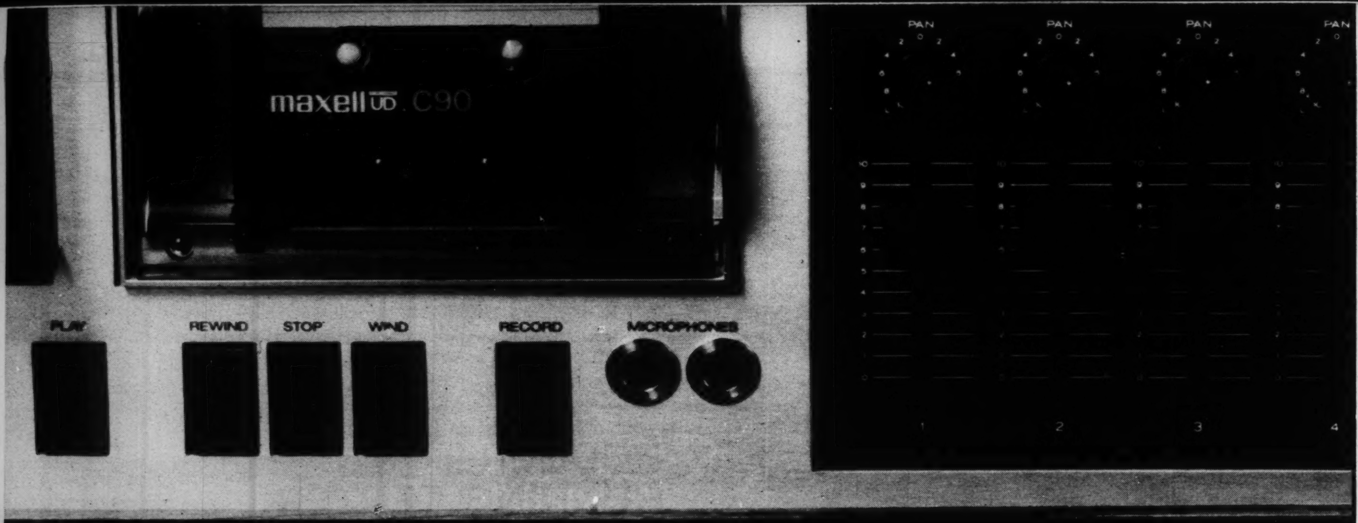

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for clairvoyance and other paranormal phenomena. Chicagoan Norman Don, described by Barbara Brown as "one of the most thorough researchers in the biofeedback field," claims to have discovered a particular brain-wave pattern which occurs when a person makes a correct psychic or clairvoyant statement. He has monitored many well-known clairvoyants as well as normal people with occasional psychic ability and found that the pattern—large-amplitude alpha with subharmonic frequencies appearing at even higher amplitudes—"works one hundred percent of the time. I can watch their brain waves and know when their intuition is on target." He has developed a special machine and plans to try to determine whether normal people can be trained to produce the particular EEG pattern, and if so, if they will experience "correct psychic guesses."

The brain's twilight zone, characterized by theta waves, provides a whole new set of intriguing possibilities beyond alpha.

Drs. Alyce and Elmer Green of the Menninger Foundation were the first to investigate a relationship between theta brain waves and creativity, a trancelike dream state they call reverie, and hypnagogic imagery—imagery arising from the unconscious as people drift into sleep. Their curiosity was first aroused when Alyce was researching scientific and literary breakthroughs accompanying dreamlike states. For instance, the chemist Kekule had a half-waking, very detailed dream about snakelike chains of atoms, one of which seized hold of its own tail. He awakened immediately after and wrote the formula for the benzene ring, beginning a new phase in organic chemistry. Jean Cocteau, in a night of fitful dozing, witnessed three acts of a play which became the core of *The Knights of the Round Table*. And Poincare, reports Green, "told of mathematical ideas and formulas rising in clouds and dancing before him one night as he waited sleep."

Experimenting with theta in the lab, Elmer found that the professors and psychologists he used as subjects reported mental states which they associated with creativity and visual imagery at times when their EEGs indicated a high percentage of theta. The Greens have since found that therapy patients trained to stay in theta longer than normal, and awakened periodically so that they remember the imagery, experience frequent insights and therapeutic "breakthroughs" inspired by the material from the unconscious.

"Hypnagogic imagery," Dr. Elmer Green explains, "carries information from the unconscious to the conscious a lot straighter, with fewer distortions and less garbage connected with it than does the normal dream imagery."

Since most people zip right through Stage I sleep, and within one to six minutes are into deeper sleep characterized by delta waves (one to three cycles per second), they have no recollection of the imagery. If you want to catch yourself making theta waves, bend your arm up straight from the elbow as you go to sleep at night. Since delta wave production is characterized by loss of muscle control, when your arm begins to fall (you'll probably awaken), you've just emerged from the twilight state and should be able to remember any images you experienced.

> **"I'm even more excited about this than when I started 10 years ago," says Fehmi. "I'm convinced that with biofeedback you're learning what you already know"**

You've probably seen those movies where the prisoner, head splitting from days without sleep, from hours of convoluted political harangues, from the brutal light aimed in his face, finally confesses to the crime he didn't commit, and swears loyalty to enemy regime. Biofeedback therapists have developed a more refined method of changing belief systems and reversing the effect of long-term psychological conditioning. As in the brainwashing, biofeedback "conversion" is achieved by tiring out the left hemisphere of the brain—the one which controls verbal, analytical, rational, objective functions. The dominant hemisphere in our society, the left will block suggestions which defy its logic. But since it has much less endurance than the right hemisphere—whose functions are characterized as nonverbal, emotional, spatial, subjective and passive—it is possible to knock out its critical faculties and slip suggestions into the accepting, noncritical right. Witch doctors, evangelists and high-powered salesmen may owe their success to this hemispheric difference.

Biofeedback therapists help their patients "drug" the left hemisphere by training them to produce theta waves. A special theta feedback device—the "Twilight Learner," designed by Dr. Thomas Budzynski of the University of Colorado in 1972—turns on a recorded therapeutic message for the right brain (played into the left ear) only when the coast is clear, that is, when theta is being produced in the left hemisphere.

Used as an adjunct to therapy, twilight learning seems particularly effective for patients who suffer from deeply conditioned beliefs which are incompatible with normal functioning, and for patients whose behavior is compulsive, as in overeating, drinking, etc.

"Theta feedback is the ultimate hypnotism," explains Ian Wickramasekera, assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Illinois College of Medicine in Peoria, Illinois, who uses the "Twilight Learner" with his patients.

"When you hypnotize someone, you don't know exactly what his brain is doing, or how effective you'll be, as you do with theta training."

Possibly twilight learning may one day be used to treat physical ailments, to speed up healing of a wound, for example, through suggestions made to the right brain.

The fact that verbal commands or mental imagery can be understood and responded to on a cellular level is actually the basis for all biofeedback results and for many other phenomena which Western science has chosen not to examine. Some hypnotic subjects develop a blister at a particular spot at the mere suggestion that something very hot will touch them there. Or they will alternatively bleed and stop bleeding on command where they've been told they'll be stuck with a pin. In each case the subjects are controlling (though unconsciously) the flow of fluids in and out of the membranes of cells covering a very small area.

Yogis, fakirs and Westerners have internalized the command-response connection and can trigger it at will. In the Menninger Foundation Lab, Swami Rama, the Indian yoga teacher, caused a cyst the size of a bird's egg to develop in his hip muscle and, just as easily, made it disappear.

Dr. Carl Simonton, a Fort Worth, Texas, radiation therapist has his cancer patients work with relaxation techniques and positive images, as well as undergoing radiation treatments. Somehow, picturing white blood cell cowboys coursing through the blood and shooting down outlaw cancer cells works. Survival rates for patients cultivating a positive attitude and imagery are impressively high.

Records of the "placebo effect," which unfortunately has been considered an embarrassing digression from the real business of medicine, show that almost any physical symptom can be alleviated by the power of mental suggestion.

Biofeedback could direct us toward the ultimate extension of the placebo effect, a self-contained, self-activated health care system with as yet unexplored possibilities for further applications. ●

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I walked into a small shop outside the city of Agra, India, a few months ago, to look at the sitars and ivory chess sets.

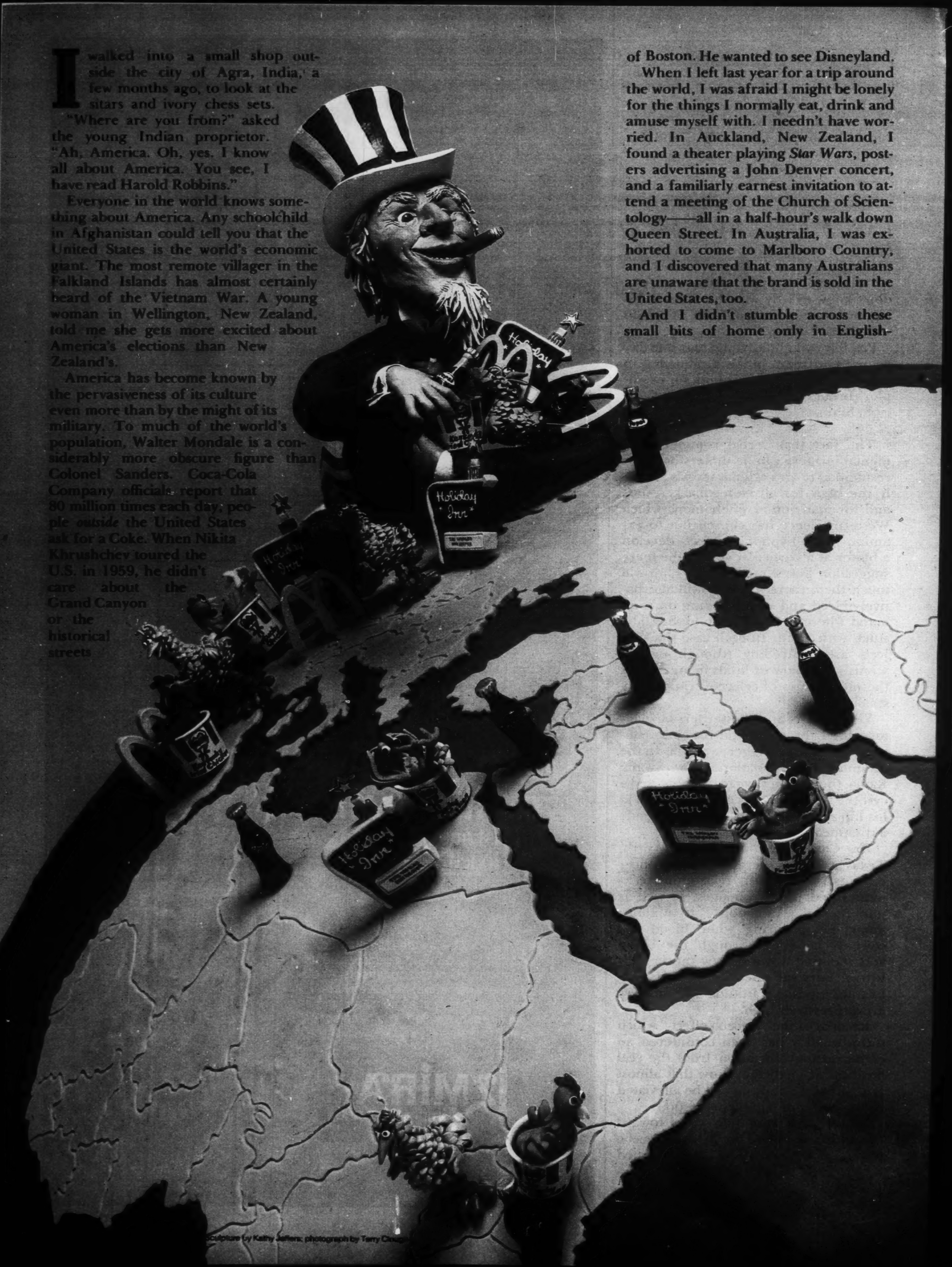
"Where are you from?" asked the young Indian proprietor. "Ah, America. Oh, yes. I know all about America. You see, I have read Harold Robbins."

Everyone in the world knows something about America. Any schoolchild in Afghanistan could tell you that the United States is the world's economic giant. The most remote villager in the Falkland Islands has almost certainly heard of the Vietnam War. A young woman in Wellington, New Zealand, told me she gets more excited about America's elections than New Zealand's.

America has become known by the pervasiveness of its culture even more than by the might of its military. To much of the world's population, Walter Mondale is a considerably more obscure figure than Colonel Sanders. Coca-Cola Company officials report that 80 million times each day, people *outside* the United States ask for a Coke. When Nikita Khrushchev toured the U.S. in 1959, he didn't care about the Grand Canyon or the historical streets of Boston. He wanted to see Disneyland.

When I left last year for a trip around the world, I was afraid I might be lonely for the things I normally eat, drink and amuse myself with. I needn't have worried. In Auckland, New Zealand, I found a theater playing *Star Wars*, posters advertising a John Denver concert, and a familiarly earnest invitation to attend a meeting of the Church of Scientology——all in a half-hour's walk down Queen Street. In Australia, I was exhorted to come to Marlboro Country, and I discovered that many Australians are unaware that the brand is sold in the United States, too.

And I didn't stumble across these small bits of home only in English-



Sculpture by Kathy Jeffers; photograph by Terry Cl speaking countries. I heard "You Light Up My Life" blaring from a young boy's transistor radio in the Cook Islands in the South Pacific, then heard it again near the crowded morning market in Vientiane, Laos. In Burma, I purchased a warm can of Dr. Pepper from a stall in the Mandalay Bazaar. And Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaysia, provided the glorious choice of *four* Kentucky Fried Chicken stores, two of them barely a block apart on the main shopping thoroughfare. (I chose the one with the A&W root beer stand next door.)

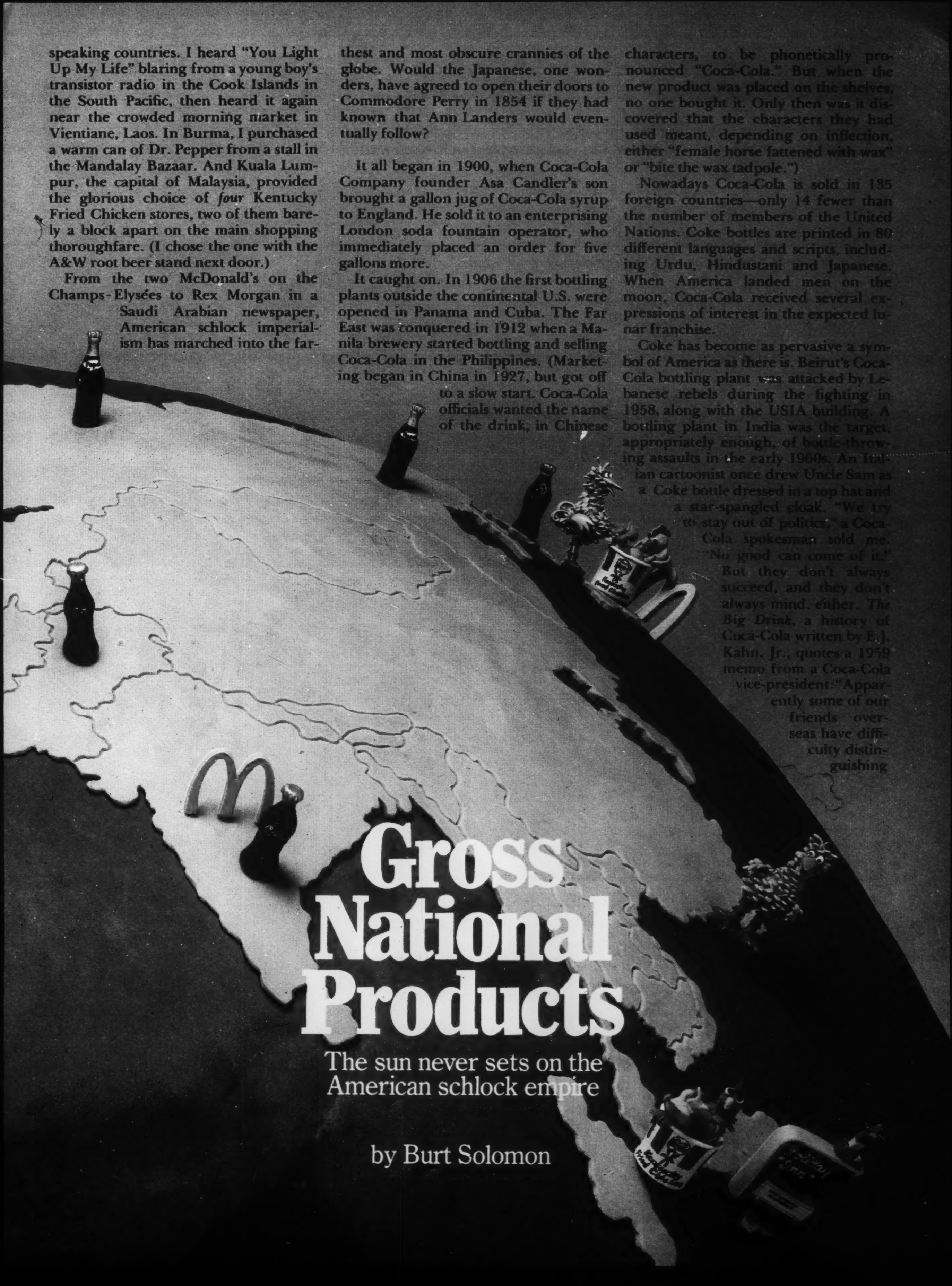
From the two McDonald's on the Champs-Elysées to Rex Morgan in a Saudi Arabian newspaper, American schlock imperialism has marched into the farthest and most obscure crannies of the globe. Would the Japanese, one wonders, have agreed to open their doors to Commodore Perry in 1854 if they had known that Ann Landers would eventually follow?

It all began in 1900, when Coca-Cola Company founder Asa Candler's son brought a gallon jug of Coca-Cola syrup to England. He sold it to an enterprising London soda fountain operator, who immediately placed an order for five gallons more.

It caught on. In 1906 the first bottling plants outside the continental U.S. were opened in Panama and Cuba. The Far East was conquered in 1912 when a Manila brewery started bottling and selling Coca-Cola in the Philippines. (Marketing began in China in 1927, but got off to a slow start. Coca-Cola officials wanted the name of the drink, in Chinese characters, to be phonetically pronounced "Coca-Cola." But when the new product was placed on the shelves, no one bought it. Only then was it discovered that the characters they had used meant, depending on inflection, either "female horse fattened with wax" or "bite the wax tadpole.")

Nowadays Coca-Cola is sold in 135 foreign countries—only 14 fewer than the number of members of the United Nations. Coke bottles are printed in 80 different languages and scripts, including Urdu, Hindustani and Japanese. When America landed men on the moon, Coca-Cola received several expressions of interest in the expected lunar franchise.

Coke has become as pervasive a symbol of America as there is. Beirut's Coca-Cola bottling plant was attacked by Lebanese rebels during the fighting in 1958, along with the USIA building. A bottling plant in India was the target, appropriately enough, of bottle-throwing assaults in the early 1960s. An Italian cartoonist once drew Uncle Sam as a Coke bottle dressed in a top hat and a star-spangled cloak. "We try to stay out of politics," a Coca-Cola spokesman told me. "No good can come of it." But they don't always succeed, and they don't always mind, either. *The Big Drink*, a history of Coca-Cola written by E.J. Kahn, Jr., quotes a 1959 memo from a Coca-Cola vice-president: "Apparently some of our friends overseas have difficulty distinguishing



Gross National Products

The sun never sets on the American schlock empire

by Burt Solomon

肯德基家鄉雞
好到吮手指
Kentucky Frie

Coca-Cola
Sprite

KEDAI MAKANAN

Mc Donald's Restaura

ROBERT DE NIRO
TAXI DRIVER

When I left for a trip around the world, I was afraid I might be lonely for the things I normally eat, drink and amuse myself with. I needn't have worried

between the United States and Coca-Cola. Perhaps we should not complain too much about this."

Perhaps because Pepsi-Cola didn't get started in the international sweepstakes until 1934, it isn't the overwhelming symbol of America that Coke is. Nevertheless, Pepsi has proved it can also master the whims of world politics and turn them to its advantage. Its most notable success, of course, was the much-heralded deal with the Soviet Union, signed in 1971, that not only made Pepsi the first American consumer product to be marketed in Russia, but has made it one of the more bizarre symbols of detente. Negotiations between Pepsi and the Soviets began with the Nixon-Khrushchev "kitchen debate" in 1959, part of which was conducted with the two venerable leaders clutching bottles of the soft drink in their hands. In the following years, Pepsi chairman Donald Kendall met with Soviet officials in a series of discussions that reached fruition, coincidentally, only after Nixon, who had handled the Pepsi account as a private attorney during his years out of government, finally came to occupy the White House.

Production of Pepsi in the Soviet Union started in 1974 when, with great fanfare, the first bottling plant was dedicated at the city of Novorossiysk, on the Black Sea. The entire PepsiCo board of directors traveled to Russia and held its regular monthly business meeting at an old estate of the czars, beneath a larger-than-life portrait of Lenin. CBS and ABC cameras were on hand for the ribbon-cutting, after which Kendall presented a Pepsi logo belt buckle to Secretary Leonid Brezhnev at the Kremlin. *Panorama*, PepsiCo International's in-house magazine, saw the event as one of the great achievements of our times. It was, the magazine rhapsodized, "sort of a preview of what peaceful coexistence might really be like in the ultimate dream of a post-Cold-War optimist."

Nevertheless, Pepsi remains the Avis of soft drinks internationally as well as

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Burt Solomon lives in Washington D.C. He is a reporter for The Energy Daily.

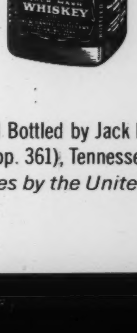
Photos L. to R. from top: J. A. Pavlovsky/Sygma, Michael Lemle, Burt Solomon (3), Diana Walker, Nancy Moran, Nancy Weinstock.

IN 1962, when the government explored our limestone cave as a bomb shelter, they came up with a dud.

What they found, was a spring of iron-free water that we use for making Jack Daniel's. Of course, it made the cave too damp for storing food. And too cold for storing people. According to the government, our kind of cave made a terrible bomb shelter. But according to our friends, it helps make a perfect sippin' whiskey.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic places by the United States Government.



Memoirs are made of this: Nikki and Dickie drink up their Pepsis

in the U.S. By latest count, Pepsi is sold in over 140 foreign countries and territories, but Coke still sells twice as well. "Foreign markets are very brand loyal, much more than Americans," explains Jeffrey Arpan, a professor of international business at Georgia State University. "Whoever gets to a new place first gets the market, and it's hard for anyone else to catch up. Coke went to 'serve the boys' in World War II. That was their beachhead, so to speak. Pepsi has never caught up with them."

Any American child knows that it hardly makes sense to drink a Coke or a Pepsi if one does not have access to a hamburger at the same time. Although this is not a view held worldwide—the Hindus, for example, would have their problems with it—as the years go by, more people in more places are seeing the light.

About seven years ago McDonald's saw it, too. Since then the company has opened over 620 restaurants in 21 foreign countries and three American territories. In most of them the menu is identical, although beer is offered in Germany and Sweden, and some of the more obscure sandwich variations are occasionally winnowed out. The chain has had great success in Japan, where it has opened more than 130 restaurants. Some of the Tokyo branches, according to a McDonald's spokesman, do better business than their counterparts here. Milkshakes, he adds, have gone over particularly well there.

Altogether, about two thirds of the McDonald's throughout the world are franchised to local operators; the rest are owned outright by McDonald's Corporation. The foreign owners and managers must attend its Hamburger University outside Chicago to insure the maintenance of proper standards.

Despite these efforts, McDonald's isn't nearly as well-known as the smiling, heavily jowled face of Colonel Sanders. Kentucky Fried Chicken has 875 stores outside the U.S., in 44 countries and territories. The 87-year-old Colonel himself has traveled to most of the 44 countries for store openings and promotional campaigns.

"Truly," says a spokesman for Heublein, which purchased the chicken chain in 1971, "the sun will never set on Kentucky Fried Chicken."

The slogan "Come Alive with Pepsi" was translated into Mandarin characters. It read: "Pepsi brings your ancestors back from the dead"

The taste of the chicken is virtually identical everywhere, but certain changes have been made in the menu when appropriate. Dutch outlets have added a kind of East Indian egg roll to their repertoire, and rice has replaced mashed potatoes in some Asian countries. Marketing studies in Germany indicated that young Germans are particularly antimilitaristic, so it was deemed best to go on the market as *Harlan* (rather than *Colonel*) Sanders Fried Chicken. Among especially nationalistic populations, like the Mexicans, the *Kentucky* part of the sell—and any connection between the product and the U.S.—is deemphasized.

The Heublein spokesman rejects any charges of cultural imperialism. "You can't equate convenience with imperialism. We're not launching missiles against these people. We're serving nutritious food. If a one kilogram bird can conquer the world, more power to it."

This is not to say, however, that these proud products of American culture have not, on occasion, become a force in the world in their own right. Several years ago a cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* jesting that when a country achieved independence, it gained three things: a seat in the UN, a national airline and a Hilton Hotel. For some underdeveloped countries, a Hilton is a matter of status, a way to hold one's head up at international conferences. Years before the Mideast became the wealthiest part of the globe, the emirs of Abu Dhabi and Al Ain begged for the construction of Hiltons in their impoverished chunks of desert. Hilton International acceded. They didn't expect the hotels to be particularly profitable, but with the oil money flowing there now, it's nearly impossible to get a room.

American hotel chains, in fact, have come to represent wealth all over the world. Hilton started first, in 1949, with San Juan's Caribe Hilton. Hilton International, which split off from Hilton Hotels Corporation in 1964 and three years later was purchased *in toto* by TWA, now operates 75 hotels in 45 countries. Hilton has been credited with (or, depending on one's source, accused of) starting major tourist booms in both San Juan and Turkey, where the Istanbul Hilton was opened in 1955.

In most cases, Hilton International neither owns its hotels outright nor franchises them out. Rather, they are owned by local investors who approach Hilton with a project, build it according to Hilton's specifications, then bring in Hilton personnel to run it. For these services, and the use of the name, Hilton International normally takes one third of the profits.

With Hilton showing the way, Holiday Inn has constructed 194 foreign hotels since 1960. Sheraton has hotels in 37 countries and, like everyone else, is planning major expansion in the Mideast. These hotel chains occasionally make a big point of adapting to a particular locality. "We've learned we must sometimes modify our product," explains Hugh Smith, a vice-president at Holiday Inn's Memphis headquarters. "In London, for example, we use glass drinking containers in the rooms in-

HARRY CHAPIN PLAYS OVER 256 CONCERTS A YEAR.
LET THE NEXT BE IN YOUR OWN LIVING ROOM.

HARRY CHAPIN
Living Room Suite

Living Room Suite

The Chapin album you've been expecting
on Elektra records and tapes.

elektra

stead of plastic. Someone in Chicago wouldn't be surprised by a plastic glass, but a European would. It is an educational process to teach the European exactly what a Holiday Inn is."

This sort of educational process—teaching foreigners what American life is about, and how to adopt it themselves—goes on all the time, of course, and often much more directly than through lessons learned in Holiday Inn bathrooms. Just about every media project popular in the United States is exported to other parts of the world. My Indian acquaintance who found his path to understanding through Harold Robbins is certainly not alone, for Robbins' books are sold worldwide and have been translated into 57 languages, among them Japanese, Hebrew, Arabic and Turkish. But difficulties do arise: Irving Wallace's *The Chapman Report* was banned in South Africa, Ireland and Italy, and its West German publisher was tried and acquitted twice on obscenity charges.

Problems of censorship have even been faced by such an international stalwart as *Time*, which sells in more than 125 countries and claims to provide news to more people in the world than "any other single news source." *Time* has had extensive experience with being banned, censored and having pages blacked out. India has provided particular problems in recent years; a United Nations official I met in New Delhi has *Time* delivered through the diplomatic pouch because it takes so long for the Indian government to clear his private subscription. Even the inoffensive *Reader's Digest*, with a foreign circulation of 12 million in 13 languages (with Arabic and Korean coming in December), has had its problems with censors. Although it has never been banned outright, some of its jokes—clearly some I have never seen—have been clipped from editions in the Philippines.

American television shows, movies and even comic strips have been welcomed, however, with open arms. The network news programs syndicate portions of their shows abroad, and the word *cronkiter* has entered the Swedish vernacular as a synonym for "newscaster." The most popular American television programs are Westerns and cop shows; *Bonanza* is currently showing in 55 countries. (A few years ago it was estimated that 400 million people—one out of every eight in the world—spent an hour each week watching the Cartwrights. Of such things is world peace made.)

A more interesting international hit is *Sesame Street*, which has been broadcast in more than 40 countries and territories, including Poland, Zambia and Tanzania. In many countries *Sesame Street* is aired in English and is sometimes used—in Japan, for instance—as a means of teaching English to kids. Increasingly there have been adaptations into other languages and cultures. In South America, Oscar the Grouch, who makes his home in a garbage can, has been replaced by Paco, a cantankerous parrot who lives in a middle-class house. Soon after *Vila Sesamo* went on the air in Brazil, Garibaldo, the Portuguese equivalent of Big Bird, received a louder ovation than Santa Claus when both were introduced during half-time at a Rio de Janeiro soccer match.

"It is an educational process to teach the European exactly what a Holiday Inn is"

Comic strips and other newspaper features are equally pervasive. The *Saudi Gazette*, published in Jiddah, prints *Dennis the Menace*, *B.C.*, *The Wizard of Id*, *Miss Peach* and *Rex Morgan, M.D.* And even Ann Landers has gotten into the act. Her sage advice is printed in 10 countries, in such far-flung organs of journalism as the *Bangkok World* and the *Auckland Family Circle*.

The list goes on and on. American films like *The Towering Inferno*, *Earthquake*, *Jaws* and *The Exorcist* have done spectacularly well abroad. And Disney, of course, is enormously popular everywhere, particularly in Europe.

American music is internationally popular too; but because it can't be dubbed or subtitled, it trails behind American movies as a cultural export. But one does get to hear a specific kind of American music abroad: advertising jingles. Coca-Cola often uses the same jingles and ad campaigns throughout the world. Pepsi also translates its themes into numerous languages—though in countries with particularly nasty dictatorships, like Brazil, "feeling free" was translated as something less subversive. The "Marlboro Country" ad campaign is the same everywhere, although in Europe the cowboys are gracefully left out. And Marlboro has become the best-selling brand of cigarettes on the planet.

There are many different theories about how much emphasis to place on the American origin of the products in advertising campaigns. In Spain, R.J. Reynolds plunges right for the pro-American dollar in selling Winstons: "The genuine flavor of the USA," read the ads. But a spokesman at Kentucky Fried Chicken's parent company is less enamored of such a promotion tactic. "We don't say 'Use my product because 215 million Americans use it.' This is not a good strategy." Kentucky Fried Chicken sends its American ads out to their overseas franchises but, like many other American-based companies, has local ad agencies handle the local campaigns autonomously.

It is in the realm of translating American ads into other languages and cultures that American schlock imperialism is at its most hilarious. There have been numerous gaffes and mistranslations, many of them collected by David Ricks and Jeffrey Arpan in a book called *International Business Blunders*. In Belgium, for example, General Motors discovered it was selling its "body by Fisher" in Flemish translation as "corpse by Fisher." American Motors' Matador faced problems in South America, where "matador" is the Spanish word for "killer"—a name which didn't jibe with the emphasis on the car's safety features. Pepsodent's "You'll wonder where the yellow went" did not go over well in Asia.

Pepsi has had some of the worst problems. According to a *Reader's Digest* staffer, the magazine's Taiwan edition once received copy for an ad with the slogan "Come Alive with Pepsi." It was sent out to be translated into Mandarin characters, and when it came back it read: "Pepsi brings your ancestors back from the dead." Fortunately, an editor pulled it before the magazine went to press. Pepsi wasn't so lucky in Germany, where "Come alive out of the grave" ads ran for a while before the error was caught.

There have also been occasions when the result of a translation has been downright obscene. In Quebec, an American detergent promoted its particular abilities with the most heavily soiled part of the wash—*les parties de sale*. But the phrase, in French, is slang for "genitals." According to an advertising executive in New York, Vicks' Nose Drops has changed its name in Germany to Wick's—because *vick* is pronounced *fick*, which means "fuck." And when Heinz advertised its Erin food brand in Lebanon, the television ad had an attractive woman running into a supermarket, rushing up to a man inside and shouting, in Arabic, "I want Erin!" In Arabic, *erin* means "two large penises."

This, then, is what we have given the world.

Of course, the cultural exchange has hardly been one-way. We have received, from various parts of the globe, such items as Adidas, kung fu, Sun Myung Moon, Helen Reddy, Zen Buddhism, the Mafia and Henry Kissinger—and we still have African killer bees to look forward to. But, all things considered, we have donated more than our share to the cultural doings of the world. Whether the world is better off is debatable. ●

Give Dad a distinguished name.
After all, he gave you one.

Seagram's V.O.
Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.
CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

BECAUSE IT'S THERE

Don't think of Diana Nyad's Cuba to Florida swim as 65 continuous, grueling hours. Think of it as one-hour laps, 65 in a row

by Helen Dudar

One evening in May, Diana Nyad, in search of distraction, went to a movie. Diana, probably the world's best female long-distance swimmer, had just spent six hours doing laps, an exercise hampered by the fact that public pools in New York are swamp holes of stress where good swimmers often suffer abuse and even injury from hostile *potzers*. More importantly, she had been waiting all that day for news that one or more sponsors had been found to underwrite the next and very likely the last big swim of her life. Time was slipping by. Diana, who has swum up, down or across the Nile, the Red Sea, the Bay of Naples, the Rio Plata, Lake Ontario and assorted other famous bodies of water, as well as around Manhattan Island, was hoping to make an unimaginably difficult swim from Cuba to Florida. She has been thinking about it for a long time and has been building up her body since last summer. The film she went to see was *A Thousand Clowns*, a comedy. Midway through it, she found herself weeping.

Heaving great sobs, Nyad left the movie house with her roommate and best friend, Candace Lyle Hogan, a writer. The two women walked a few

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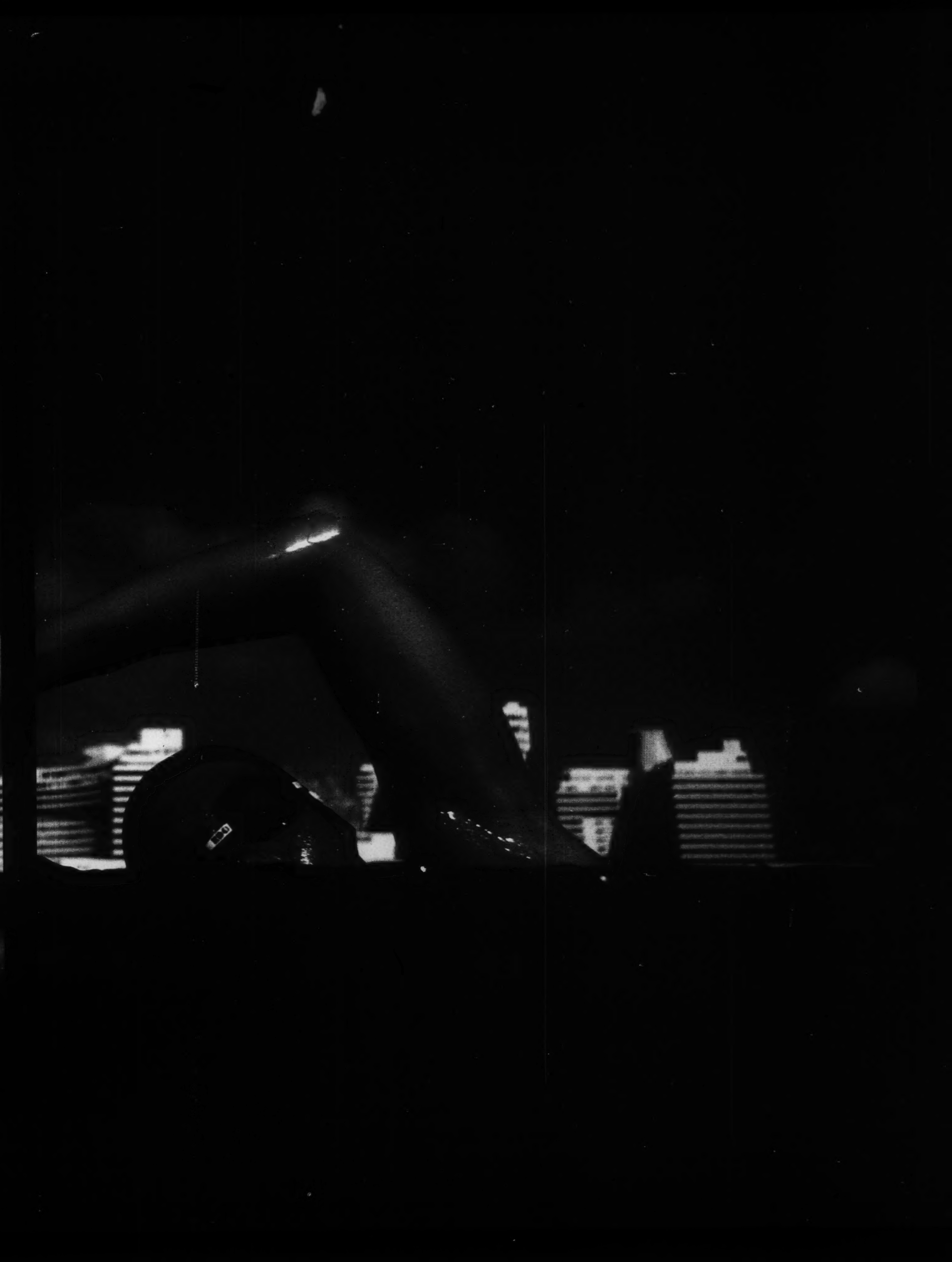
Helen Dudar, who swims three times a week, is a New York-based freelance writer.

Photograph by Frank Zagarino/Black Star



Sea Goddess: Emerging triumphant

blocks to Central Park, sat down on a bench in a well-lit area and, after Diana stopped crying, talked for hours. Why did it matter so much? What was it that made this event different from all the other marathons that have occupied her energies since she was 20?

Recalling that evening a few days later, Diana said, "This swim means a lot to me future-wise, but that's not it. If I don't have a chance to make this swim, I'm still going to have a very successful life in many other areas. So why is it so tragic if I can't do it now?

"I've spent 20 years becoming the best in the world at something. Here I am at the end of the road and I have this chance to have a whole Olympic games to myself. This swim fulfills all my fantasies of doing something that no one else could possibly do. I mean, if I get to the Florida coast, that will be one of the most historic moments in sports. I am not going to compare it to Lindbergh, but it is certainly going to be bigger than Gertrude Ederle finishing the English Channel. It gives me the chills to see that picture of her coming out on the shore. There are only a few historic moments like that, and this is my chance to be one of them."

In mid-July, approximately one month after a rehearsal 24-hour swim (somewhere in the Caribbean), Diana will position herself in a costly, custom-built motorized shark cage off the shore of Cuba and start swimming toward one of the Florida Keys, a distance of at least 130 miles. Averaging two miles an hour in the open sea, the nonstop trip will take her 65 hours. Sixty-five hours rolls off the tongue all too easily. Think of it as two days and two nights, plus another 17 hours, and the sheer craziness of the undertaking begins to acquire size.

The July date was chosen as the time when the weather, currents and Gulf Stream, a perilous 25-mile-wide river coursing through the sea, are likely to be relatively benign. Diana had contemplated making a north-south crossing, perhaps carrying a letter from Jimmy Carter to Fidel Castro in her bathing suit, but the opposite direction is easier, if any of this can be said to be easy. She calculates she has a 50-50 chance of making it. If the weather holds, she gives herself a 75-25 chance. If she reaches the other shore, establishing a record that will be exceedingly hard to break*, she expects to become rich and famous. Neither condition would be unwelcome. But most important of all, she would be immortal. She would have made a place for herself in the record books.

An effort of this kind clearly requires a ferocious will and an unyielding obsession. Since Diana has persuaded scores of others to share her vision, one has to consider the possibility that she is an obsessive genius—and a winning one at that: part hustler, part *naif*, part clown, all striver. She is also brainy, nervy, shrewd, vain and—except for her morning waking moods which are apt to be morose and cranky—puppy-dog friendly. When she says she could be successful at almost anything she chose, it is hard to doubt her. On charm and self-confidence alone, she could sell dune buggies in Iceland.

But the night Diana found herself crying at a comedy, the whole project seemed to be slipping down the drain. The problem is that this swim is a grievously expensive venture that cannot be done for much less than $100,000. The shark cage alone will cost $42,000, and its resale value is modest. Money is wanted for air fares and expenses for friends taking leave from their jobs to oversee her training, as well as for renting sizable boats and hiring crews that will accompany her to Florida. Funds are also needed for meals and body grease. She gets her caps, goggles and suits free from the manufacturers.

The search for sponsors had been desultory until last March when Diana acquired a new manager, her fourth in three years. He is George Wallach, a low-key, highly successful entrepreneur from Los Angeles, who took Bruce Jenner in hand after the 1976 Olympics. In March she located a pool where she could be assured of a lane and friendly co-swimmers any hour of the day or night. It meant a six-week sojourn in Mission Viejo, California, where Mark Schubert coaches and develops some of the country's best swimmers. Diana swam six hours a day—three in the morning, three in the afternoon or evening. The last day she worked out six hours nonstop just to see if she could do 15 miles in that time. She could and knew she was in shape, ready now for the more rigorous chore of training in the open sea. The next stop was Florida.

But funding was still inadequate. While NBC is negotiating for the exclusive rights to her story for $10,000, that money could not be touched until ten days after the swim is over, according to Diana. So she came back to New York, to the exacting formal protocol of high finance and what she calls "three-piece-suit luncheons." Would Texaco pitch in? Could Chesebrough-Pond's be interested? Although Wallach was the principal salesman, Diana went along on some of these solicitations. Bristol-Myers, for example, "liked me," she recalled. "When I left, the guy said, 'You're the greatest thing since sliced bread.'" Unfortunately, that was the only bread mentioned. In matters of this sort, the corporate world moves slowly. She waited and waited, suppressing twinges of regret over the necessity of being packaged at all. "To tell the truth," she once mused, "I would love *not* to come out of the water with some company name plastered all over my bathing suit. But where am I gonna get $100,000?"

From a potential sponsor's point of view, one of the problems with Diana's sport is that, unlike tennis or golf, it is singularly unphotogenic. It also has few high points. One may occur when an exhausted, delirious swimmer loses consciousness in the water and has to be saved from drowning. Another may arise when an exhausted, semi-delirious swimmer loses consciousness staggering ashore and has to be revived. Between shores, it is otherwise quite boring. It is possible to film the swimmer reaching up for a feeding—I cannot explain why the process of giving sustenance to a marathon swimmer bears the same term as mealtime at the zoo—or to record her sipping glucose mixture from a cup and then, beset by seasickness, vomiting it up. A swim in shark-infested waters may now and then yield a tantalizing view of a large familiar fin, but Diana, in her cage, will be shielded from the possibility of becoming a feeding herself.

By the third week in May, Diana was desperate for funding, and even wrote a long, apologetic, pleading letter to a famous friend—something she had promised herself she would never do. It kept her up all night. She had set May 1 as the deadline for beginning ocean-swimming in or near Miami. Twenty-nine-year-old Diana had set herself a life deadline as well. She is certain she will be in good enough shape to make the same swim next year and for ten years to come. But she can't face it. She could just about psych herself up for this last surge of training. Once the Cuba to Florida swim is over, she may never do another pool lap.Until last winter, she had not swum for a year and a half. She ran 12 miles a day, she worked out on Nautilus machines, she turned herself

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**The current record for the longest swim in open water was set in 1966 by Mihir Sen, from India, who swam the length of the Panama Canal in 34 hours and 15 minutes.*

Photograph by Steve Fenn

into a squash ace. But she did not go near the water.

The experts talk about swimmers burning themselves out at 15. Hogwash. Among other things, she says they quit because they can't endure the monotony of training. It's even worse for a marathon swimmer: long, lonely, debilitating competitive swims in sometimes icy waters, and the prize money hardly covers the air fare. "I've been brutalized by it," she says. For a couple of years, it was fun gypsying around the world, competing and often winning." The last few times out, however, she found herself slicing through the water, trying to ignore an inner voice demanding, "What are you doing here? Why are you doing this again?"

> **"I would love not to come out of the water with some company name plastered all over my bathing suit. But where am I gonna get $100,000?"**

Nyad is an astute and enthralled student of the effects of the sensory deprivation that can occur on these long swims. When you are half-blinded by fogged goggles, deafened by four or five bathing caps, numbed by unbelievable fatigue, your mind can turn to mush. She has suffered paralyzing hallucinations on long swims. Once, on an ocean swim off the coast of Argentina, she stopped dead in the water, threw off her cap and goggles and started screaming. "I thought a pack of gulls were attacking me and, in fact, devouring me." She would not continue until her trainer, joining her delusion, pretended to beat them off with an oar. On the other hand, if a swim is going well, a long time in the water may induce the kind of rare and dramatic flashes of truth akin to facing down the bull in the ring. Usually, these insights do not occur until 10 hours have passed. But cold will hasten the process. She had one such intense experience while swimming around Manhattan Island. By the time the swim ended, she had issued herself an ultimatum: "Okay, you're gonna give yourself three years from this day, October 6, 1975, to make a commercial success of this. Because you know your real feelings are not there any more. You wouldn't be doing this, like you did for years, if no one were watching. What you need is to finish out with a bang."

Diana's first "final" swim was an effort the following year to conquer the English Channel with a double crossing. Seasickness and nausea aborted the first trip, impossible weather ended the second. There was to have been no third, but on the way to the airport with friends, Diana suddenly turned back to try again. "I would not be defeated by the English Channel," she said. She was vanquished by the cold. After that, she briefly toyed with the notion of crossing the Atlantic in eight-hour stints, resting aboard ship in between. But it would have taken more than six months. It seemed a trifle stunty.

Now, in this last of three years, the Cuba to Florida swim seemed to be crumbling. Almost as discouraging was the fact that so many collateral possibilities were turning out to be mirages. Since the Manhattan swim, Diana had met many people, some of them wealthy as well as celebrated. New acquaintances, succumbing to her aggressive charm, were always saying, "If I can do anything to help, let me know," failing to understand she would remember and call on them. One admirer, Rocky Aoki, the owner of a chain of Japanese restaurants, had offered funds, which soon proved to be unavailable, the use of his Miami Beach home, which turned out to be fully occupied by a wife and many children, and the loan of his jeep, which, when applied for, was in the custody of another friend who had not been heard from for weeks.

Then, unexpectedly and dramatically, money was at hand. One week after the movie house episode, Diana telephoned, exultant. "We got $42,000 from Colgate," she said.

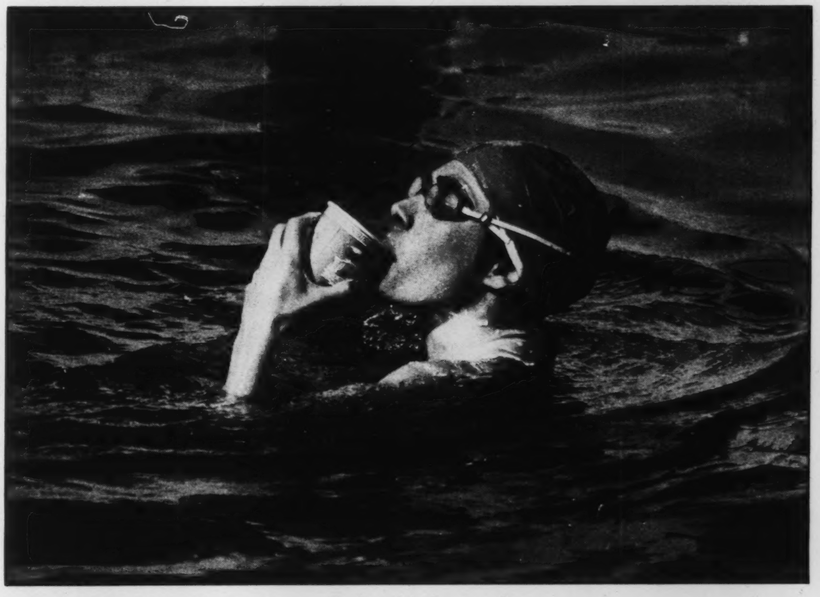
"Wonderful," I said. "Are you going to celebrate?"

"No," she answered, sounding suddenly exhausted. "I'm going to rest." She had been on the phone for two hours, relaying the good news to everyone. That morning, she was so discouraged she was unable to get herself to the pool. Her original deadline had been advanced to the third weekend in May. She knew she couldn't wait any longer to begin ocean training. There barely would be enough time to have the cage built and to learn how to use it. Colgate had at least ensured the cage would be there. The rest of the money would follow in smaller sums.

When I saw Diana the next day in an apartment she was using for the New York sojourn, it was lunch time. She ate raisin bran flakes, yogurt and half of one of those barely digestable sugared cruller twists which she nibbled in small, cautious bites. A lot has been made of her supposedly large appetite for raw foods—raw eggs for breakfast, raw meat for other meals. The only raw things I observed her eating were sliced bananas one morning and salad one evening.

Raw foods are a staple of her life, it turns out, only when no one is around to apply heat to them. Diana doesn't like to cook or clean pots. Except for the week before a heavy swim, when she fattens herself up on a high-carbohydrate diet, and except for sizable breakfasts, her diet does not vary greatly from other people's. She does not, however, drink coffee or tea or spirits (except for an occasional beer when not in training). One can argue with her endlessly and futilely that wine vinegar is not alcoholic. She insists she can taste the alcohol and will not have it on her salads.

Diana has been giving her body this special kind of care since her eleventh year, when her geography teacher at Pine Crest Prep School in Fort Lauder-



A Quick Fix: Every hour, a cup of ultra high protein

New York News Photo

dale, Florida, offered an A to anyone who came out for the junior high swimming team. Although she got high grades regularly and with ease, she tried out for the team. Almost immediately, swimming became an obsession, the central focus of her life. It gave her a purpose, a goal, identity and, from time to time and best of all, an appreciative audience. Diana says she has almost no clear childhood memories before then, and takes her mother's word that she was "a pretty happy little kid."

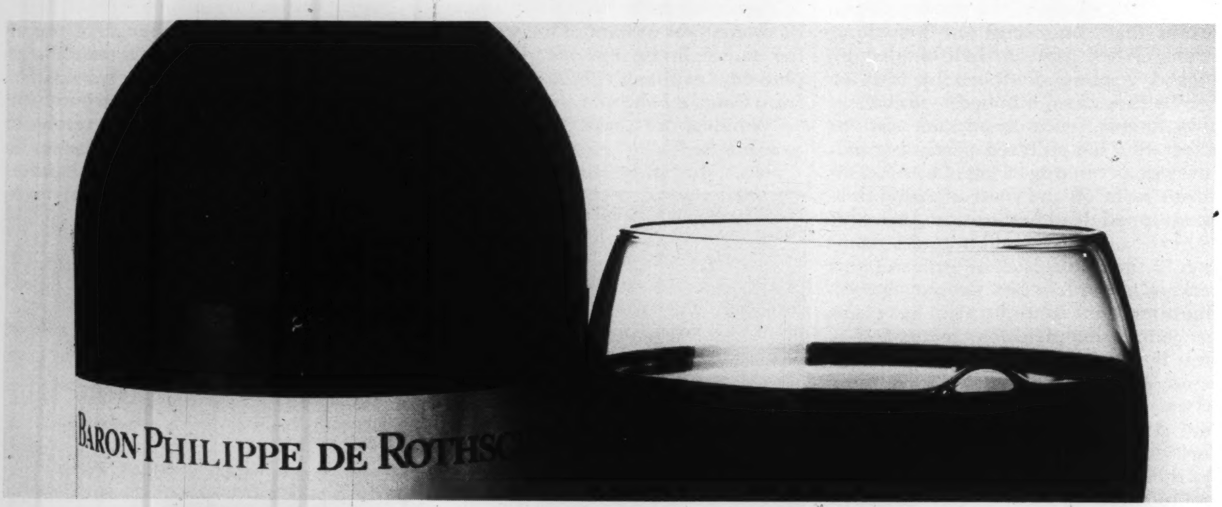
For an 11-year-old, Diana had a precocious understanding that succeeding at any demanding enterprise required ceaseless application. Under the tutelage of Jack Nelson, a first-rate coach, she set out to become the best swimmer in the world. Every day of the year, including Christmas and Thanksgiving, she was up before dawn for a two-hour workout. After school she would train for at least two more hours. In those pre-goggle days, she would come home some nights with her eyes swollen shut by the chlorine, weeping with pain, too tired to eat or to study. Her mother would apply ice bags to her streaming eyes and threaten to call the coach and put a stop to it. She never did. "It was bizarre, but I think she understood that I needed that independence and that was the way it was gonna be all my life."

She was going to be an Olympic champion, but an attack of endocarditis, an inflammation of the heart, ended the dream at 16. Diana was put to bed for four months; when she recovered she was too thin and too weak to recapture either the speed or stamina needed for the 1968 games. So she went off to Emory University. "I was a real basket case. I think my adolescence was displaced and came late." Diana suffered an acute addiction to pranksterism. Expelled for parachuting out of a fourth-story dorm window, she came home and brooded for a while and then bummed around Europe before deciding to go back to school. Lake Forest College in Illinois took her in, and she made Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year.

Once, certain she was being attacked by gulls, Diana would not continue swimming until her trainer joined the delusion and pretended to beat them off with an oar

During Diana's first year at Lake Forest, an old friend, Buck Dawson, director of the Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, called and wondered if she might care to make a try for the professional marathon circuit. It was tempting. Lurking not far below the surface was the incurable virus of ambition. She began training in the spring and later that year launched her career as a long-distance swimmer. It paid poorly, but it got her around the world: Australia, Canada, the Caribbean, Mexico, Egypt. Outside of this country, marathon swimming still excites the masses. Her first time out, Diana won a 10-miler on Lake Ontario. She swam with sea lions in Argentina, nearly drowned while training in the frigid waters of Ontario and completed the longest race of her career, a 67-mile trip in the North Sea down the Dutch coast. It took 40 hours and 3 minutes. She remembers almost nothing about it except for the start and the finish.

By her sixth year of competition, the pleasures of winning, the surge of joy that came with just finishing, the interest in testing her body repeatedly against the most extreme conditions, were ceasing to compensate for the pains of the sport. In 1973 Diana came east to study at New York University for a doctorate in comparative literature, a goal from which she has lately been deflected by other interests. In the summer of 1975, she wasted an entire



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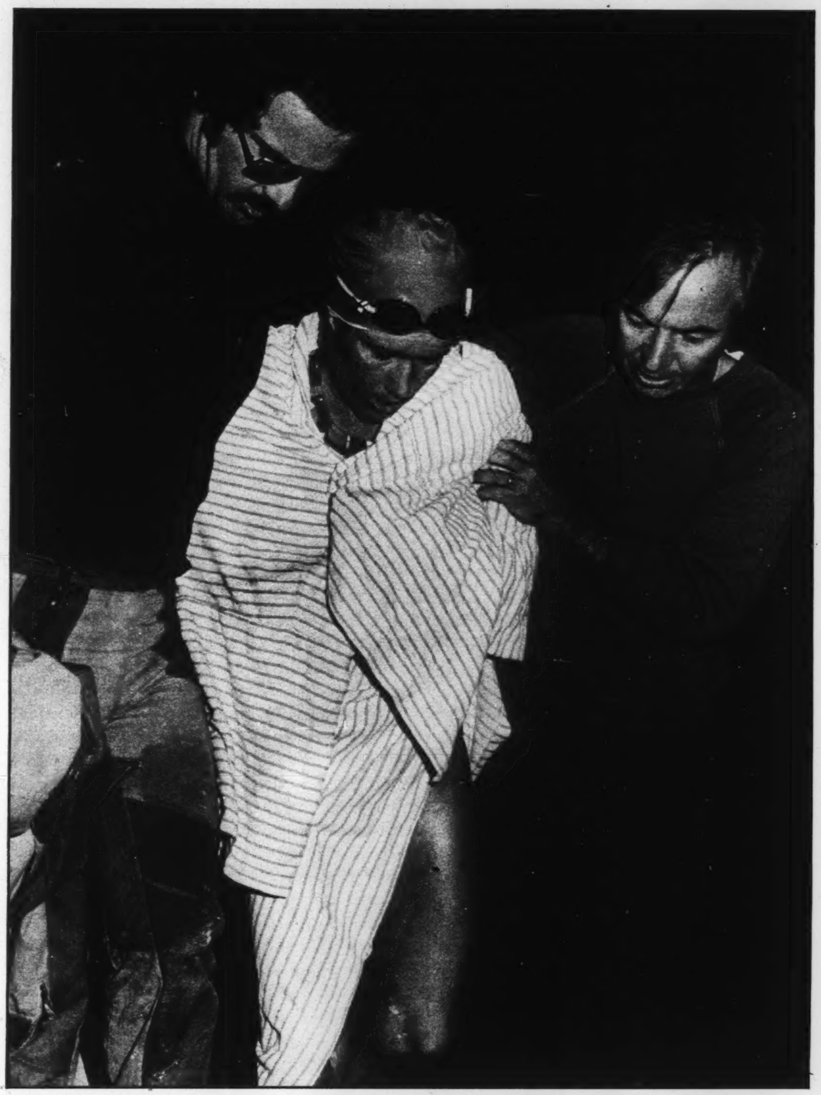


Manhattan Transfer: After 7 hours, 57 minutes in water, a long walk home

month on the shores of Lake Ontario, waiting for the weather to clear. It never did, and she was compelled to cancel a planned double-crossing. "I was annoyed because I had missed several swims on the pro-circuit. I came back to New York and I thought, 'I'm in such incredible shape, the weather's still kind of warm, I wonder if anyone has ever swum around Manhattan.'"

At least nine people had, but there was a 48-year-old record waiting to be broken. After studying the tides and currents, Diana alerted the New York City wire services, found two friends to watch over her and, by canvassing the population at the 79th Street Boat Basin on the Hudson River, located an old lobsterman who was willing to take his boat out with her. On her first attempt in September, she failed because hurricane winds had altered the normal tidal patterns. Twelve days later, in a record of 7 hours and 57 minutes, she completed the 28-mile circuit. The water was cold, in places it was rough and at all times it was filthy beyond measure. But from her point of view, it was "a ridiculous little swim." What followed was a revolution. In Egypt, where she had been treated "like a goddess," fans had merely carried her through the streets of Cairo on their shoulders. In New York, the *New York Times* put her on the front page. Twice.

It was wonderful. Woody Allen wanted to be her friend. IBM hired her, for $1,500 an appearance, to lecture on self-motivation to gatherings of some of its own highly motivated employees. Offers of all kinds streamed in, including a book proposal for an autobiography that, between workouts and other activities, was completed in six months. (It's called *Other Shores* and will be published in the fall by Random House.) Her first payment for endorsing swimming goggles paid her all of $128 in royalties. She acquired a manager and then another and then another.

Last February, with almost nothing really done on the Cuba swim, a friend introduced her to George Wallach. It was compatibility at first sight. Wallach enlisted the publicity firm of Alan Kalmus in the cause. Everyone went to work hunting in earnest for sponsors, getting Cuba's permission to swim from Havana or a neighboring port, exciting the Barbados tourist office about the trial swim, putting together a press kit.

A few days after Colgate came aboard, Diana flew to Key Biscayne to begin training. Later that week, I joined her in Florida. By then she had moved from a Key Biscayne hotel, which was costly, to free quarters in Miami Beach. Through a friend of a friend, the Montmartre Hotel, a smallish, somewhat fading establishment on Collins Avenue in the shadow of the flashy Doral, had been persuaded to lend her the penthouse for the duration of her stay.

She had already been joined by two friends who would function as trainers. They were Margie Carroll, an economics major at Barnard College, where Diana had coached the swimming team, and Jean Golden, a psychiatric nurse who has accompanied Diana on other swims. Both women are smart, sensible, capable, self-reliant and scared. Neither, I learned, was present out of any true commitment to the idea of conquering the Straits of Florida, but rather out of haunted concern. Diana needs someone to cook for her, to make her rest between practice swims and to see that she doesn't hurt herself in the water. As Margie Carroll put it, "On the one hand, you don't want her to do it. But if she's going to do it, you don't trust anyone else with her."

The evening I arrived, Diana was stretched out in bed, hacking away like a sick seal. She had a virus and lung congestion for which cough syrup and an antibiotic had been prescribed. While it meant a two-day loss in training, she seemed unconcerned; a few hard swims would make up for it. Almost cheerfully, Diana reported that she probably gets sick more often than nonathletes. If a flu is making the rounds, she will have it, with its most intense symptoms. "Candace Hogan calls herself a Clydesdale, a workhorse, who hardly ever gets sick. She calls me a thoroughbred—finely tuned and every little thing upsets that fine tuning. I'm sick more than Candace but I also have moments when I perform perfectly."

The body on the bed was glossily brown, save for white suit marks, and not as husky as it appears in photographs. Except for rather large breasts, she is built for swimming, with broad shoulders, no hips to speak of and long,

New York News Photo

lean legs. At five feet, six and a half inches, she weighs 133 pounds and hopes to fatten up to 140 for the swim. Her fine brown hair, cut punk style, bristled in inch-long spikes. She has freckles and a turned-up nose.

The next day we drove to a boatyard in Fort Lauderdale to pick up a brand-new $1,500 French-made rubber raft that was being lent to her for her training by the American importer. The yard will do the final assembly of her shark cage on the basis of a design drafted by a friend who is a professional yacht designer; a foreman at the place lent her an outboard motor. While we were there, she managed to find a boat owner who was willing to let her use four life jackets, which are required equipment for the little craft. Had she the funds, she would have bought all these items, but Diana suffers no conflicts or embarrassment about *schnorring* for them. It is, after all, a worthy cause.

Diana named her little rubber boat *Chaloupe de Courage*. The day she acquired it, the three women swiftly inflated and assembled it. Then the two trainers carried it down to the beach, launched it and attached the heavy outboard while Diana got into two bathing suits—for warmth—and greased her body. Trailed by the boat, she swam out to sea for about a hundred yards. Then she headed south, past the graceless backs of white hotels and giant condominiums, past bathers who sometimes stared at this odd sight, past a sea turtle as big as she was, past occasional debris: a dissolving carton that had once held crackers, a child's bucket, a condom. Jean, scanning the water for dangerous objects, spotted the last item and remarked that when she had been aboard Diana's escort ship on the first Manhattan swim, she had discovered that the waters around the city abounded in contraceptives.

Eleven-year-old Diana would come home some nights with her eyes swollen shut by chlorine, weeping in pain, too tired to eat or to study

We were carrying a thermos of water, paper cups and a can of Coke. Diana was experimenting with cola as a caffeine source. On the real swim, the big boat will be carrying a glucose drink for energy, to be mixed with crumbled English digestive biscuits to ward off seasickness. If Jean Golden has her way, it will also take along heavy medical equipment in case of an emergency.

Everyone is nervous about sharks, even Diana, whose dreams are normally hymns of triumph involving a lone woman in the water and a cast of cheering millions on the shore. One morning she came to breakfast and reported, with some amusement, "I dreamt about sharks all night. I chased one away with a karate kick. Then I was standing in the mouth of a shark, keeping its jaws propped open until help came."

Originally, Diana had planned to swim five miles out to sea and five miles back. But training became a coastal exercise after she learned that sharks feed offshore at dawn and at dusk and that no one can guarantee their absence at other times. She had been warned never to go beyond a depth of 15 feet, when the bottom becomes invisible. As a result, each woman, taking turns at the tiller, was forever trying to nose her closer to shore. Sometimes she turned testy and complained. The drag in shallow water makes swimming harder, and she was still weak from the antibiotic.

While Diana swam, Jean related that before traveling to Florida, she had a long-distance talk with a local oceanographer about the shark hazard. "When I told Diana she'd have to train near the shore, she said, 'Okay, I'd look terrible on a disco floor with only one leg.' I was surprised. She used to be incredibly arrogant. Five years ago, she would have gone racing miles out to sea, saying 'Let them watch out for me.' I was amazed to hear her admit to dreaming about sharks. I can't tell you what a relief it is to know she's afraid of something."

For a long while we sat silently and watched her move through the water with machinelike precision. Against the buzz of the outboard, we could hear the regular plop-plop-plop of her stroke: 53 strokes a minute, 3,180 strokes an hour. The rhythm never altered. To pass the time she often counts off the strokes. In the real swim, when she must fight exhaustion and pain, she will also chant "Frere Jacques" and "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." In the real swim, she will lose more than 20 pounds. In the real swim, she will come out of the water with the skin on the back of her neck and under her arms rubbed raw from the cap and suit, and her muscles will be so sore that she will scream when touched.

But now, it was a lark. A big sailing ship swept close by and she looked up and yelled, "Which way to Bermuda?" Once she tried to pull two of us into the water. The swim was going well and, as she breathed, we heard her burble, "This is good." Another day, however, the lung congestion had returned and she seemed to cough her way through a 200-minute session, pausing occasionally to gulp air.

"What's up, darlin'?" Jean called out.

"I can't get enough oxygen today," Diana said. "I'm still congested." She swam for a while and then rolled over on her back.

"Want to call it a day?" Jean asked hopefully. There was no answer. Diana went back to the crawl. Toward the end, we could hear her moan each time she turned left to breathe. Nine minutes from the Montmartre Beach, she had concluded her two-and-a-half hour swim and Jean asked if she would like to ride back the rest of the way.

She didn't even bother answering. There was no way Diana Nyad was going to arrive back on the beach, in the sight of whomever might be watching, other than under her own steam. "Pride," Jean said. "It was what sent her back to the Channel for the third time. . . . She couldn't let it defeat her. That's when I realized there was no stopping her."

A good deal has been said about marathon swimming as an exercise in masochism. Strangely enough, the same judgment is not so glibly applied to athletes who compete in marathon runs, marathon walks, marathon bike races and other activities requiring extremely strenuous effort in exchange for a high sense of achievement. Asked for a professional opinion, Jean said she is less amenable to the conventional psychiatric view than she used to be. "If a man wants to climb a mountain, it's called heroism. If a woman wants to swim the Channel, it's called masochism."

Initially, Diana's schedule called for two two-and-a-half-hour swims with lunch and a nap in between. Within a few days, she expected to be swimming between eight and ten hours daily. One day while I was there, she missed the morning swim and decided to do a single long one.

We watched her swim for four and a half hours that day, without a pause and with riveting ease. Afterwards, sun-scorched and aching from the long cramped ride, we all sat for a few minutes in a shaded spot by the hotel pool. Lounging on the chaise, she looked rather more triumphant than tired. To be sure, her head pounded from the pressure of the goggles, the small of her back hurt from the long ocean swim, her lower lip was swollen from salt water and her legs were exceedingly tender.

All these things were mentioned in passing and without undue complaint. What was important was that she had not, as we thought, swum four and a half hours; she had swum one hour four and a half times. The distinction matters greatly. Gazing down with admiration at her smooth, aching thighs, she said, "I keep thinking: I can do sixty of these in a row. I only have to do this one hard thing for the rest of my life." ●

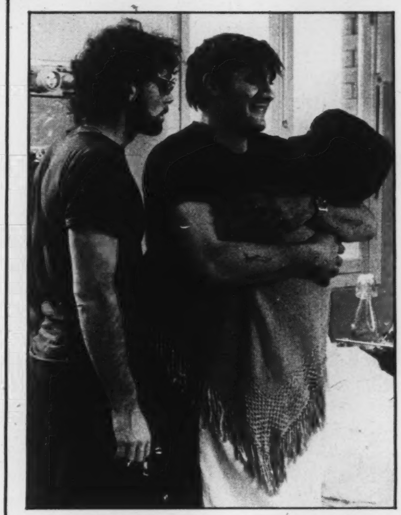
Movies/by Richard Corliss

CANNES WAS A FESTIVAL OF EGO AND ILLUSION

The pretty, dark-haired girl, clad only in the bottom half of a paisley bikini, slinks her way through the lazy sunbathers on a crowded private beach, smiling enigmatically. At the beach's edge, she stops near a rosary of linked chains. Slowly, sensuously, she wraps the chains around her body. Finally she stands there, enmeshed, daring the crowd to look at her. Those who do can't help but wonder what life holds in store for this child. She is, after all, only three years old.

The scene could have come from any one of half a dozen variations on the *Lolita* theme—or any one of half a dozen rip-offs of Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby*—that were scheduled to be shown at the 31st Cannes Film Festival. As it happens, though, the scene was played on the Goëlands Beach, where an eight-ounce bottle of mineral water costs a dollar, and where the abundance of naked women flat on their backs can deprive even the horniest male of his prurient interest. But with something like 400 movies on view, and with the scene on the Riviera rivaling anything on the screens for gaudy surrealism, the most literal-minded moviegoer can be forgiven if he confuses what he's seen in the theaters with what passes for reality out on the street.

Cannes is the most important and enjoyable film festival because it's the biggest—and the most schizophrenic. It's a combination of library and bordello; it's a planetarium with adjoining swimming pool; it's a bizarre bazaar where the chief commodities are egos and illusions. More than 35,000 people come to one of the world's most glittering sun spots and spend their days in the dark. They watch revenge melodramas from Finland, soft-focus porn from Mauritius, political thrillers from New Zealand, comedies about *menages-a-trois* (or *treize* or *trente*) from France. They even sit through the latest examples of catatonic cinema from the European avant-garde—where two people stare at each other for what seems like hours. It is all very meaningful: If Less is More, then Nothing must be Everything.



New morality: Depardieu's and don'ts

At Cannes, though, More is More—and Everything is sometimes Too Much. People are here to see, and sell, movies. But there's really not time to do both. You go to films *or* you go to parties. You reel *or* you deal. Trying to skim the best of the two worlds can be suicidal, unless your idea of a good time is nursing a hangover through a Third World documentary with French narration. But it's the availability of both that makes Cannes so perversely attractive. (At the end of one particularly crowded screening, a phalanx of men drove a wedge through the mob, making way for a man who lifted Rona Barrett over a barricade and into the street. It was a perfect exit for the Mae West of seventies Hollywood, where movies often have less appeal than the celebrities who make them—or even than the celebrity-makers themselves.)

The stars were all here: from Muhammad Ali, billed in an ad for an upcoming film as "the most famous man in the world" (he probably is), to Farrah Fawcett-Majors, billed in an ad for *her* new film as "the most famous woman in the world" (she probably isn't, if we are to believe *The Greek Tycoon*). And the all-day lunches and the all-night parties allowed hundreds of celebs to make genial fools of themselves. At what other convocation of film folk would David Carradine kiss Rudolph Nureyev's foot? At what other festival would a restaurant hold a Pasta-Eating Contest, whose winners would be Sergio Leone (arguably the greatest director of the sixties) and Francis Coppola (arguably the grandest director of the seventies)?

Just about every director who wasn't eating spaghetti that day was exhibiting a film in the Festival. Louis Malle (*Pretty Baby*), Hal Ashby (*Coming Home*), Paul Mazursky (*An Unmarried Woman*) and Martin Scorsese (*The Last Waltz*) were all represented by films that had opened in America; Karel Reisz (*Who'll Stop the Rain*) and Billy Wilder (*Fedora*) showed films that will open later in the year. (The Americans were awarded the Best Actor prizes: Jon Voight for *Coming Home* and Jill Clayburgh for *An Unmarried Woman.*) Nagisa Oshima forsook the hard-core obsessions of *In the Realm of the Senses* for a gorgeous, ghostly reworking of *Double Indemnity* called *The Empire of Passion*. And three heavyweight contenders for the European crown—R.W. Fassbinder, Jerzy Skolimowski and Claude Chabrol—presented films made in English. A striking irony: Ten years after the Festival was closed down (along with most of France in May 1968) as a bourgeois enterprise, some of the most *engagé* directors were submitting to the last bastion of cultural imperialism—the English language—in hopes of breaking into the American market.

The results, you can guess, were mixed. Fassbinder's *Despair*, whose $2.5-million budget may equal the total expenses on his 30 previous films, began with the wittiest half-hour of epigrams and apoplexy you'll find in any respectable movie (the script is by Tom Stoppard, from Vladimir Nabokov's novel), but then lost its way on the road to psychosis and settled for being merely eccentric and estranged. Skolimowski's *The Shout* (based on a Robert Graves story) gave us Alan Bates as one of those bossy bores we're supposed to be interested in because he's a holy madman; its only redeeming features were Susannah York, still fresh and seductive as she glissades into middle age, and the "shout" itself—a Dolby System hurricane that sounds like Luciano Pavarotti exhaling into your inner ear.

Chabrol's *Blood Relatives* was more interesting. Disguised as a detective story (it's based on an Ed McBain novel), the movie is really preoccupied with investigating the budding, charming, tortured awareness of sexuality in a 15-year-old Montreal girl, impressively played by Aude Landry. Chabrol is particularly expert here in

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evoking the skeletons in a middle-class attic, the demons in the back of a young woman's mind; and for this reason I prefer *Blood Relatives* to *Violette Nozière*, another Chabrol film at the Festival, which keeps at a resolute distance from the emotions and motivations of *its* teenage murderess. But local felicities of place and diction are beyond Chabrol when he works in English. Some dialogue is awkwardly delivered, and sounds translated literally from French, or Esperanto. If cinema is to become an international language, it may have to stop talking—at least in Pidgin English.

Plot synopsis of the American film Day of the Woman *as reported in the Cannes daily magazine,* le film francais: *"A girl takes a summerhouse by herself in Connecticut to write a novel. She attracts the attention of 4 local yokels and proceeds to get herself raped, sodomized, etc. She manages to pull herself together again and proceeds to kill the 4 hopeless chaps." Critic Roger Greenspun described the audience reaction to the movie: "Some people left after the rape. Some left after the etc. Only hard-core sadists and movie buffs stayed til the end. Like me."*

In the Film Market, where the only criterion for a movie is the cost of renting a screening room for a few hours, you can see anything—and you don't have to stay till the end. With so many of the big-league directors hitting bloop singles or foul-tips, you may find yourself spending a lot of time in the Market. There, at least, the movies move, and in the oddest directions imaginable. In the main competition, a marginally good movie is a disappointment; in the Market, the same movie is a discovery. And when the margin disappears, and the movie is really good, you've lucked into what a 400-film festival is all about.

Some of the national film industries (the French, Swedes, Canadians, Australians) rent theaters to showcase their product; and by selective shopping, you can get an informed feeling of the country's mentality as well as its movies. For the past few years, the Australian film industry has been throwing coming-of-age parties for itself: Its films are well-made in the international mode, but very, very Australian. At least one Australian film had more than passing aesthetic and sociological interest: Philip Noyce's *Newsfront*, a panorama of the country's history from 1942 to 1956 as viewed through the camera eyes of two rival movie-newsreel companies. The blending of newsreel and fiction footage is amazingly deft—you can't tell where one leaves off and the other begins—and Noyce's fidelity to the moral and cinematic conventions of the period is equally remarkable. The film's final line—"He's just old-fashioned," spoken about the lead character—could apply as well to the film itself. Old-fashioned in the best sense: taking people on their terms, understanding that everyone has his reasons, not squinting at them through the sunglasses of seventies cynicism.

Wander into the French film market and you'll find that human comedy is alive and kicking up its heels. Bertrand Blier's *Preparez Vos Mouchoirs* (*Get Your Handkerchiefs Ready*) is a comedy of the new morality with a classical charm: Gérard Depardieu wants other men to sleep with wife Carole Laure because he loves her and wants her to break out of her so-what depression. It's funny, sad, crazy around the edges, warm at its center—*Cousin Cousine* with smarts and a heart. In *Diabolo Menthe* (*Peppermint Soda*), 26-year-old filmmaker Diane Kurys looks fondly and acutely at herself as a 12-year-old, lurching toward puberty with the finesse of a blind truckdriver. Kurys is perhaps a tad too facile in touching all our soft spots; but her observations are nonetheless acute, her sense of film and character is sure, and the performance she elicits from young Eléonore Klarwein is astonishingly good—as if the director had remembered the truest part of herself, and made it flesh.

The Italians didn't rent a theater to display their wares, but they didn't need to: The best example of native cinema, Ermanno Olmi's *L'Albero degli Zoccoli* (*The Tree of the Wooden Clogs*, or, if you like, *The Shoe Tree*), was shown in the main competition. Almost three hours long, dealing with Lombardian peasants at the end of the nineteenth century, Olmi's picture is a kind of anti-*1900*. Like Bertolucci, Olmi has a painter's eye for the poetry of landscapes; unlike Bertolucci, he can create an epic sweep without stars or cataclysmic spectacle.

Olmi chose his actors from among 15,000 villagers who auditioned for parts, and—whether because they remain close to the soil of their characters' psychology, or because Olmi directed them with care and affection—they are all marvelously right. There's strength in their faces, their movements, their "performances." They bring beauty and dignity to Olmi's film. They made it worth leaving a Mediterranean beach to sit in the dark—because they proved how movies can turn the dark into something more radiant than the Côte d'Azur. *The Shoe Tree* won the Grand Prize. If the power of this Festival has anything to do with the glory of the cinema, then Cannes should help make Ermanno Olmi and his actors among the most famous people in the world. ●

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Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

MAMA SAID THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS

Mother's Day
by Robert Miner.
Richard Marek
(250 pp., $8.95).

"You've seen them—just never thought anything of it, I bet. All those children in supermarkets called Shaddap. Mothers slapping infants around in public places. What do you suppose goes on in private, then."

Robert Miner tells more than anyone could want to know about what goes on in private between a mother and children, and in this first novel the mother is a man, Matt Vole, whose wife, Cindy, has abandoned him, their infant daughter and baby boy. Matt tries haplessly to piece together some kind of life for the remnant of his family, quitting graduate school to work as a bank teller, then as a researcher for *Harper's Weekly*, and finally as a machinist. His miserable failure begins and ends in half of a Connecticut farmhouse, with an interregnum in New York.

He has subscribed to the wisdom of the sixties, that to discipline a child is to consign the world to another round of repression and revolution. He once believed in perfect freedom, especially erotic freedom, and now circumstance has kicked his beliefs square in the ass. Free children are free to shout him awake when they will, but he is not free to sleep. He is free not to work, free to stay home and care for his children, but then he is not free to eat. He is free to couple with whoever wishes to couple with him, but he is not free to take pleasure from this freedom, and he doesn't know why.

All here is squalor: vomit, feces, debris, laundry, Pampers, tired or excited organs, exhaustion, madness, poverty, resentment, violence. Matt is pushed to the edge of murder, and almost beyond; he shoves his son's head beneath the bath water, in a scene that urges comparison with the awful climax of John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, when Harry Angstrom leaves his drunk wife, Janice, at home, and she accidentally drowns their daughter in the tub. The epigram for *Rabbit, Run*, from Pascal, might serve *Mother's Day* as well: "The motions of Grace, the hardness of the heart; external circumstances."

The mystery of Pascal's utterance about grace finds resolution only in balance, a sense that man would be good, but cannot always be good, cannot *ever* be good, because the way to grace is blocked by himself as by the world. Matt has a sharp eye for the world's offenses against him, but is too dull to his own, and lacks a crucial appetite to be good. His principal vice is solipsism, a failure to connect; he sees others merely as instruments on call to please or relieve him, or set on earth to injure him. Miner has wisely taken considerable pains to distance himself from his first-person narrator, who is often charged, by characters of Miner's devising, with hard-heartedness, and who doesn't understand what they're talking about.

Mother's Day is not pleasant to experience, and because of Matt's hatred for his children (not often tempered by even implied love), it is at its most unpleasant when at its most artfully exact. There is no disputing the precision of language that observes Matt removing his daughter's "melted Pamper, peeling it like skin from a burn victim," but there's no liking it, either. All the detritus of childhood is here, the Tommee Tippee Cup and Froot Loops and the mindless yammering of Saturday dawn teevee, "Yabba dabba doo!" It is Miner's conceit that to bring up children as a mother, to clean and feed and quiet them, is to be driven mad. It is true, as Matt says, that "women with little children have been going mad for generations," but it is also true, I think, that women with little children have not been going mad for generations.

That is, *Mother's Day* gets in trouble when it lurches from its earned particulars to unearned universals. It affects a particularly dubious wisdom about sex, thought by Matt to be "the last vestige of connecting tissue when all else is gone." This seems to me simply wrong, and in the instance of Miner's fiction crucially wrong, since I would think that sex is the first thing to go in the face of family calamity, that the true connecting tissue is between fathers and their get, mothers and theirs. That this tissue connects after the bond is broken between husbands and wives, and between lovers.

But sex, in the sense of gender as well as generation and gratification, is the core question of *Mother's Day*. Matt is obsessed with his victimization by women, who have translated him into her. Similarly he is obsessed with sexuality, taking a passive part in the frequent comings and goings so frequently interrupted by his children. The dirty secret of the male mother is the putative secret this novel reveals, but I wonder if it is a secret with as general an application as Miner thinks.

The question is begged by the fact that Matt slips into madness, as even he comes to understand, and relinquishes his children before he does them final damage. And as he slips into madness, *Mother's Day* slips into a claustrophobic pornography of abuse. The conceit of imprisonment—the child helpless in its ignorant speechlessness as in its crib—has undeniable power, but it is a malign power. Matt's children coat themselves with ointments and feces, and as he bathes them "it gave me solid satisfaction, that morning, to see them burn their eyes with shampoo."

To read this book is to experience all the small steps that must lead a father or mother to abuse a child. I believe it is like this, but I don't know what I know when I know this. Past a certain point explanations cease much to matter; in the emergency room, symptom is king before cause.

Matt has been dealt bad cards. Not the worst cards of the round, but a lot worse than the best. He responds with rage, and sometimes with a reflexive lust to heal, but the central questions he asks cannot be answered: "What becomes of wounded fragile children. Will they forget all this and be whole? Can you ever make it up, this waste?"

This is grave material, and Miner undermines it with an indulgence in wiseacre stuff. He also tends to lean on an image a beat too long ("Somehow what was once chaos is now holocaust. Apocalypse."), and his language is sometimes overwrought. But he is capable of startling effects, as with a woman "bent over, which gives her the appearance of great determination and speed, like a motorcyclist in rain." He is often mordantly funny: "Last week I woke to find Thomas peeing in my shoes in the hall by the front door."

Mother's Day required courage, but it interests me for its energy, its restless scrappiness, a pugnacious willingness to come at things head-on, and unfashionably. It questions everything it meets, and undoes conventional wisdoms. Trouble is, some of the wisdoms it undoes are not only conventional, they are true. ●

Music/by Patrick Carr

DELBERT THE UNLIKELY

Delbert throws back his head and howls, and the words—a love song, strong and wise—float into the murk of the little club and stir some ghosts. Delbert sounds like a sand-blasted Otis Redding, a dictionary of soul stained and wrinkled by the weed and whiskey and wildness of his decades in the honky-tonks; and so listening to him is a memory trip, a passion blast and a living connection to a world almost vanished from American pop music.

Yes, it's nice to have music like this, the elemental legacy of Redding and Brown and Bland (and Presley and Perkins and Williams too); it comes at you full-choked and loaded from the heart, with a band like gospel banshees and a stone-hard rule against whimsy and artifice. It deals in love, violence, lust, loneliness, ecstasy, fear—the subject matter of the blues—and it is personal. Delbert sings about the things that have happened to him and probably to you too, and therefore he belongs to the soul side of music. Some are humorists and some are fantasy makers and some are newscasters and editorialists, but Delbert, old-fashioned, is just a man. And here in the smoke shroud of 3 a.m., the time when things get down to how you truly feel, he sounds both honest and eternal. We think that he might just be the greatest soul singer in the world today, and we let him loose to hit our triggers. He does it and we go home happy. Delbert is a sage.

Delbert McClinton, a name you probably haven't heard before, Delbert the Unlikely. He was born in Lubbock, Texas, in the year 1940, and no doubt he remembers those mythical big skies and the real sense of mortality they provoke in people. Delbert's a white boy, his face stretched and lined elastically, his body small and wiry, too wasted to accumulate fat. Wire survives, and sometimes people like Delbert live long enough to become philosophers. Look at Delbert: Twenty years of music, twenty years of making do and pumping it out, honed and blasted and carried away. He's like a living train, bionic yet feeling.

Unsung hero: Twenty years of wasted nights and bloody fights

It's odd, a crazy circumstantial quirk, that Delbert's not a star, that he continues on the endless circuit of clubs and bars and cheap hotels, for the fact of the matter is that he has recorded six of the most satisfying albums of the relatively recent past.

It began about ten years ago when, after a seriously misspent youth as a bar band musician and blues sideman (to the greats), he jumped from the Southwest to California and made two albums with Glen Clark as Delbert & Glen. *Delbert & Glen* and *Subject to Change*, issued on the now defunct Clean label (*you* try finding them), were the true flash points of the genre known as country-rock. They predated, influenced and surpassed the efforts of the Gram Parsons/Byrds/Burritos axis. Beautiful milestones, no less. Delbert says that the sixties made him uncomfortable; he could find no faith, nothing to hold onto, in the psychedelic confusion of the day, and so he stuck to his roots. It is ironic that, since Clean was no Columbia, this early intimation of a shift in the cultural wind is officially recorded as having come our way courtesy of *Nashville Skyline* and *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. Delbert, it should be added, had no hippie credentials. One assumes that this shortcoming did not serve to promote his commercial potential. But that's business, no?

Delbert's career with ABC Records, alas, was also a combination of great music and dumb and/or unfortunate management. Thus it was that he suffered the fate of many a great Nashville rockabluesabilly artist (particularly Gary Stewart, Billy Swann, Lonnie Mack and Tompall Glaser, heroes all); while his record company dithered around trying to figure out whether this person was country or pop, three more jewels managed to elude playlists the world over.

The first was *Victim Of Life's Circumstances*, and it was a terror. All the wasted nights and bloody fights and varieties of love of Delbert's Southwest and California days were condensed onto that record; it reeks and reels, the music a tough, tight synthesis of flat-out blues and rock & roll and Texas honky-tonk, driven by Delbert's amazing, twisted soul vocals. It crawls through bars, lives on booze, gets stranded in L.A., sees the emotional mayhem of the night life and tells real, crazy stories from the back streets and the back country too. It's a killer; it jumps out from the pale pop around it like an alarm clock with an erection.

Next was *Genuine Cowhide*, for which Delbert returned to Chip Young's Murfreesboro (Nashville) studio and let Chip's boys cut loose on his favorite old rock & roll songs. Now,

Photograph by Stephanie Chernikowski

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"cut loose" does not fully describe what Chip's boys do. For sheer rock & roll taste and clean, thrilling boogie in the classic rockabilly and R&B modes, they are simply the best studio band in the world. What you have here is *the* rock & roll band backing up *the* singer on *the* songs ("Lipstick, Powder and Paint," "Let The Good Times Roll," "Please, Please, Please," etc.). *Genuine Cowhide*, then, should be *the* basic rock & roll album. It is. Delbert has infected these songs; where once they might have been (or might have been perceived as) teenage ditties, now they're burning anthems.

Love Rustler followed with more of the same, particularly "Under Suspicion," which features the dirtiest guitar hook you ever heard and may just never be beaten for sheer funk power. Courtesy of Chip and the boys, it has a bottom end that'll kill you; courtesy of Delbert, the lyrics are a masterpiece of rude-boy syntactical cunning.

Last up, and on the Capricorn label, is *Second Wind*. This one, while surpassing just about any other record released during the last six months, suffers slightly from the absence of Chip and the boys (it was recorded in Macon), but does offer "Take It Easy" (which combines love and wisdom and melody into something *very* moving) and a variety of other strong songs. *Second Wind* is a better black/white album than, say, Boz Scaggs is capable of producing, and has the advantage of being in the record stores. Maybe, like most of Delbert's work, it's just too tough, too hairy and soulful, to sell on today's market, but who cares? The boy's working.

Capricorn likes Delbert, though, and that's something. They're funky and Southern and humming with the country and the blues in various forms and permutations. They even booked him in New York, which is where he throws back his head and howls and sends us home happy. It is also there that we pay him a visit.

The first thing about the visit is that although it begins in the 4 p.m. region, it feels like, oh, say, 7 a.m. on the 2 p.m. to 9 a.m. music mania schedule so tried and true in Delbert's circles (this, of course, on account of the hangover endemic to the lifestyle).

Then there's the location, one Hotel Seville. This establishment, populated by passion dates and second-string salesmen and old people dying alone, is the kind of place where your worst fear is that someone will cough on you.

The solution to both these problematic phenomena turns out to be sufficient intoxication, employed immediately.

These things out of the way, then, here we are with Delbert across a nasty plastic table in a ruined little room, feeling just fine. Delbert's telling stories, rambling back over all the nights in Oklahoma and Louisiana and Tennessee and the things that happened in those places: the pimp coming out of a bathroom with a broken bottle jammed into his stomach; the studio musician who at one time or another was at least ten of the hot early names in rock & roll; the man with a .45 and a headful of bad drugs. The characters drift by with humor and understanding and not a little holy terror on Delbert's part, and gradually the sense of life both accelerated and deepened, compressed into the loaded emotional territory of bars and booze and music, begins to cloud and sharpen us again.

Delbert notices the real time (the time on the clock); it's show time again, time to do the music again. I look at him and realize that he'll *keep* doing it. He'll do it recklessly (it might kill him; it's not healthy), but on Delbert's level of feeling he can't do it any other way but totally, with love and dedication, and to hell with anything else. The results, magnificent, are on vinyl, which is permanent. ●

RECORDS by Jim Miller

The most keenly anticipated albums can sometimes be the most disappointing—not because they are bad or even mediocre, but simply because they fail to astonish us. In straining to duplicate previous accomplishments, even the most gifted performers can let the sound of wonder slip away. Two cases in point are the new albums by Bob Seger and David Johansen.

It has been over 18 months since Bob Seger released *Night Moves*, the record that finally won him critical and commercial acceptance. It is not surprising, then, that the texture of **Stranger in Town** (Capitol) should evoke its predecessor. Yet after the long wait, Seger's new work is oddly anticlimactic. The most ill-advised track, "Old Time Rock & Roll," gestures toward the themes of lost innocence explored on *Night Moves*, but does so with all the stiffness of a hack oldies band. Other cuts also seem highly stylized, right down to the hip allusions: "Radio blasting silly little love songs/We only listened for the beat/Taking our chances/Out there on the mean streets."

Fortunately, Seger has an expansively world-weary voice, which can infuse such street-wise romanticism with unforced significance. In the Silver Bullet Band, he also has a committed band of accompanists who can add bite to an all too familiar vision. But as his oscillation between recording with the Bullets and the sleepwalking studio band at Muscle Shoals suggests, Seger is torn between two contrasting possibilities: the formularized confessionalism of recent Rod Stewart and the more idiosyncratic soulfulness of Van Morrison. While he often is content to coast on dependable clichés, Seger is also able to reach inside himself and go beyond the conventional limits he knows by heart. Perhaps it's that sense of reaching out that is missing from *Stranger in Town*. A polished piece of introspective hard rock, it has the sound of caution.

David Johansen's album, his first in four years, suffers from a different set of flaws. As leader of the New York Dolls, Johansen made his mark on this decade's music with one of its most anarchic, arrogant and enjoyable groups. It has been said that the Dolls were the real progenitors of contemporary punk, and there is some truth in that; but the reserve of **David Johansen** (Blue Sky), his solo debut, contrasts sharply with the Dolls' headlong rush at fame. The punk is rebaptized as a singer-songwriter, and our attention is directed to a mixed lot of songs, ranging from clumsy R&B riffing ("Funky but Chic") to classy testifying ("Pain in My Heart"—an original, not the Otis Redding/Stones song).

Although this album has already won a lot of praise, I'd rather hear the old Dolls. Like any self-respecting "singer-songwriter," Johansen tries to mask a limited voice with polished production and a tight band. On ballads like "Donna," he can muster little of the leering lasciviousness of a Mick Jagger, while on ravers like "Girls," he falls short of Johnny Rotten's curdling snarl—a snarl Johansen himself anticipated in his singing with the Dolls. To make matters worse, his band plays with all the fire of bored stockbrokers. Slick and soulless, they are the very opposite of the Dolls. With their careening drive and unpredictable maladroitness, the Dolls captured something essential about rock & roll, something sadly missing from both *David Johansen* and *Stranger in Town*—two accomplished, calculated and not wholly satisfying follow-ups from two gifted performers. ●

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In short, with the "THERA-SLIM-100" weight-loss program you force your body to automatically convert body fat to body fuel . . . automatically shrink fatty cells . . . drain off excess flab . . . flush it right out of your system ONCE AND FOR ALL!

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However, before starting we advise you to consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of excess weight ever developed by medical science.

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Don't Call the Wind Maria/by Tracy Young

FINAL TRIBUTE

When the Beatles first arrived in America in 1964 and held a press conference, an attendant reporter, looking askance at George Harrison's artfully coiffed mop, asked him, "What do you call that haircut?"

"Arthur," Harrison replied, not missing a beat.

The same exchange could never happen today. Oh, no. For social reform is scarcely the province of wit, though it now appears to be, alas! the guardian of language. Even this kind of cavalier anthropomorphism would be regarded (somehow) as sexist.

On May 12 of this year, a scant 14 years after the first wave of semantic, not to mention sartorial, anarchy washed up on these shores, the Commerce Department in Washington, D.C., announced that hurricanes will no longer be named exclusively for women. This official pronunciamento—heralded in the *New York Times* by a headline that read "Another Sexist Bastion Falls: Hurricanes Renamed," and somewhat loosely compared to the infamous desegregation of the men's bar at New York's Biltmore Hotel which, incidentally, was recently remodeled and renamed "Fanny"—was, in effect, the swan song of a tradition allegedly begun 200 odd years ago.

Odd years indeed. Popular opinion has it that the practice of naming hurricanes after women was started by the Australians back in the 1700s (although they too have since acquiesced), and was introduced to American vernacular during World War II by military meteorologists (a notoriously horny, albeit sentimental, crew) who got their jollies naming typhoons after their sweethearts back home. Sweethearts who retaliated, no doubt, by whooping it up at some Starlite Lounge with sexy stateside 4-F's.

This somewhat touching tradition has also been attributed, half-seriously, to the aural fact that they are, after all, *hur*-ricanes, dum-dum, *not him*-micanes, although that particular inequity may not hold out against lobbyists much longer either. (Pun ça change, pun c'est la meme chose.)

How then, you might well ask, is linguistic history rewritten? According to Richard A. Frank, director of the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, the concession came about as a result of "pressure" from various individuals and groups, such as the National Organization for Women and the Commission on the Status of Women in Dade County, Florida, where the National Hurricane Center is located. Presumably these conscientious souls thought it unfair that such destructive elements of Mother (oops) Nature be even subliminally blamed on the female race. But one can just imagine the banter that preceded their victory. ("Okay, this is a shoe-in . . . And after we get 'em to cross-dress hurricanes, maybe we can legislate against parents who want to name their daughters after women!")

The final decision was reached, however, in a more sober fashion. Several weeks ago, in San Juan, Puerto Rico, 20 delegates to the regional coordinating committee of the World Meteorological Organization finally agreed to okay the proposal put forth by the United States. And they are willing, a spokesperson said, to consider the use of male names for Atlantic storms in 1979. Dr. Neil Frank, the hurricane center's director, confessed to reporters that he'd been on the edge of his chair for a few moments there, and had been concerned about "certain Spanish-speaking countries where Women's Lib hasn't developed quite as fast." Quite as fast as what, one might ask; but never mind.

In the eastern Pacific, on the other hand, progress is moving at an even more startling pace; there, the second tropical storm of the 1978 hurricane season will definitely be called by a man's name, as a result of a bilateral agreement between the United States and Mexico. And one of the new names suggested was Fico, a name which, according to Richard Frank, is "very popular south of the border."

The mind boggles not only at the imaginable delicacy of such negotiations but also at the potential effect such a momentous change in policy could have on weather, on language, on diplomatic relations. After Fico, qué? Will not other countries—regardless of their position on women's rights—leap at the chance to give hurricanes names that are equally popular among their citizenry? Can't you just hear your TV weatherperson stumbling over consonants to describe Hurricane Czowchwz?

And sooner or later, even in Dade County where they grow oranges without navels, one might easily foresee similar pressure applied by Gay Liberationists who would be silly, but justified, in asking to call "male" hurricanes by female names.

But that's the least of it. The most heinous villain has yet to be heard from; so listen carefully. Semantics make the strangest bedfellows, and no one has abused the English language as much as Madison Avenue and the women's movement. (Except, perhaps, Dwight Eisenhower who, upon viewing the Taj Mahal for the first time, was heard to remark, "Very nice.") Therefore it would not be entirely illogical to predict that the former might take its cue from the latter and encourage major corporations to start buying up airspace, so to speak. These bastions of industry—as eager to turn a profit as coin a phrase—could offer to put, say, $250,000 into a kitty for property damages rent by hurricanes. ("The following act of God was made possible by a grant from Exxon.") And they in turn would be allowed to name a tropical storm after one of their products. Consider, if you will, Hurricane Kleenex.

But while you're mulling, pray. Pray for a really big storm—androgynous as only God can craft—to come along and raze a few questions of its own. Hurricane *Reductio Ad Absurdum.* ●

Illustration by David Celsi

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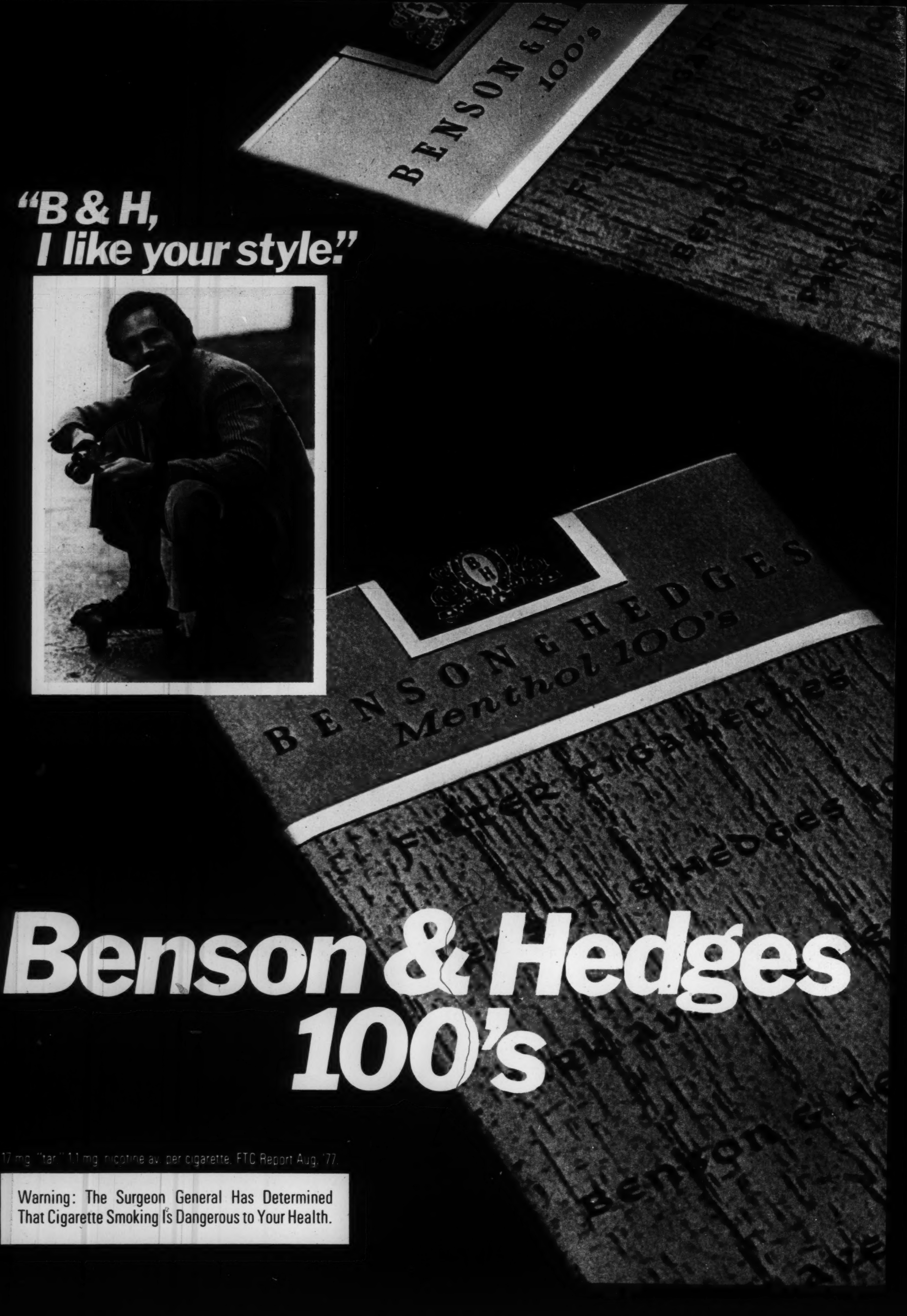
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